

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

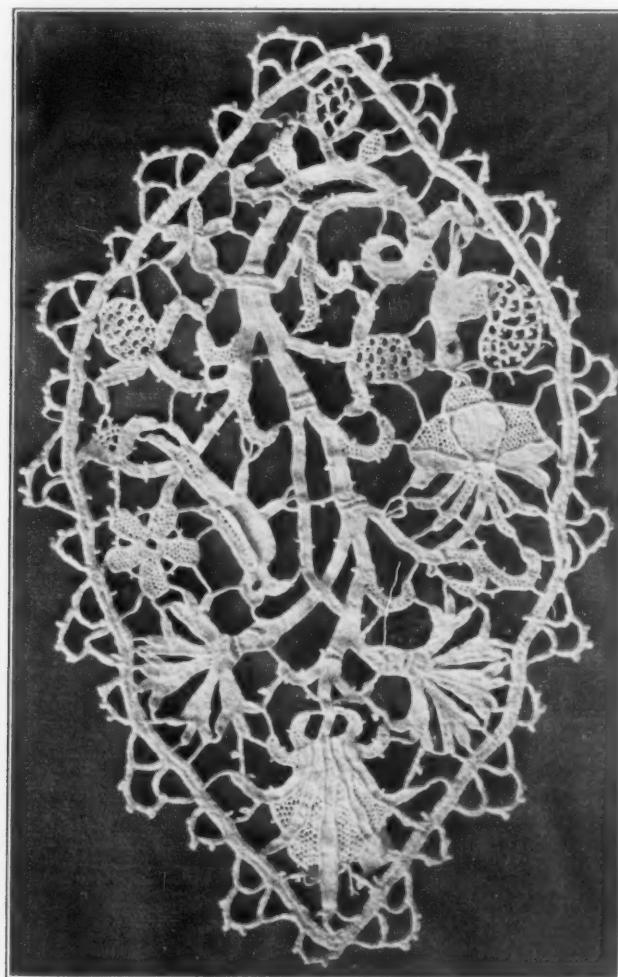
PRICE TEN CENTS

BULLETIN OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

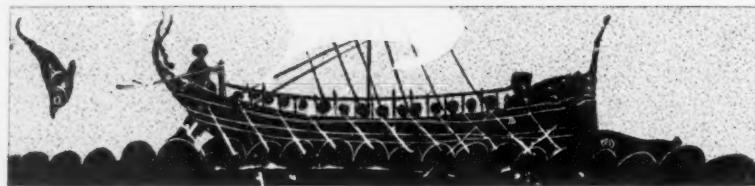
VOLUME XII

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1917

NUMBER 12



VENETIAN NEEDLEPOINT
XVII CENTURY



THE OPENING OF THE NEW WING

AT last, after many months of more or less patient waiting, a portion of the new extension of our building, on the Fifth Avenue front and south of the main entrance, has been installed with its collections and will be opened on the evening of Monday, December 3, with a reception to the members of the Museum and their friends, after which it will be permanently open to the public.

To forestall disappointment it may be well to explain at once that this opening does not include the entire extension as it is seen from Fifth Avenue, because the appropriation granted by the City for its construction was not sufficient to complete the interior of the lower end, that is, the section which projects toward the avenue from the main line of the front. That part of the building therefore still remains an empty shell, with nothing inside except the necessary rough brick construction walls. Many readers of the *BULLETIN* may not be familiar with the fact that by an arrangement made between the City and the Trustees at the time when the Museum was established in Central Park, and since continued uninterruptedly, the former agreed to pay for the construction of its building, retaining the ownership of it, and to appropriate annually in addition a contribution toward the maintenance of the institution; while the Trustees, relying upon the goodwill of the citizens of New York, undertook to meet such expenses as were not covered by the city appropriations, and to provide all the works of art which the building should contain. Consequently, so far as the building itself is concerned, our fortunes are closely allied to those of the city government, and those

who have followed the financial history of New York during the last few years will readily understand why it has not been possible for us to carry our work to completion, urgently as the space is needed.

The portion of the building now to be opened is that between the old Fifth Avenue front and the projection referred to above, corresponding to that which contains the Egyptian galleries on the north. When the plans for this section were being prepared, it was decided that the collections of the Department of Classical Art should be housed on the first floor. This was at the time the last of the departments of the Museum to receive a segregated and worthy setting for the material which has been rapidly accumulating during recent years, but which has lacked appreciation because of the scattered and ill-adapted rooms in which it had to be shown. It was therefore with reference to these collections that the plans were worked out, and the result has been that while the façade follows the lines of the corresponding section in the northern half, the interior is radically different. The Egyptian galleries are grouped around two small courtyards, an arrangement which was devised to secure as much light as possible for the inner walls. It is, however, faulty from an architectural point of view, because it introduces the visitor at once from the great entrance hall to a labyrinth of small rooms entirely out of scale with what he has just passed through, and with no main axial line to guide him or to give an impressive effect to the passage between the entrance hall and the court of armor beyond. This shortcoming has been partly overcome by placing the tomb of Perneb where it makes an effective vista from the hall, but it does not obviate the confusion.

In the new classical section, which was

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also designed by McKim, Mead and White, there are no courtyards, but, as will be seen from the accompanying plan and illustration, a monumental hall runs through its entire length, flanked on both sides with galleries. This is 135 feet long, 26 feet wide, with a barrel-vaulted and coffered ceiling 42 feet high in the center, through which

both by day and night, and the floor, as well as those of the side galleries, is of Tennessee marble, unpolished. Evening light is obtained by four powerful incandescent lamps, suspended from the ceiling and screened from below by heavy opaque glass bowls. This hall, which it is safe to say will be regarded as one of the finest



THE HALL OF CLASSICAL SCULPTURE BEFORE THE INSTALLATION

the hall is lighted by skylights placed at intervals. Ultimately this hall will open into the uncompleted section of the building, but for the present its lower end is walled up. The columns, door-frames, and cornice are of the light Euville stone, the walls have a sandstone finish, of a warm brownish-gray tone, the long walls being unbroken except by the door in the middle of each. The ceiling is left in the white of the plaster, to gain as much reflection and diffusion of light as possible,

architectural features of our building, was designed for the collection of Greek and Roman sculpture, and happily it has proved most admirably adapted to its purpose—a fact to be recorded with especial satisfaction, because even with the most skilful work on paper, experience has taught us that we cannot predict exactly how light and color are going to act upon the objects for which they are arranged when the paper plans are converted into stone. The final test comes only when the objects

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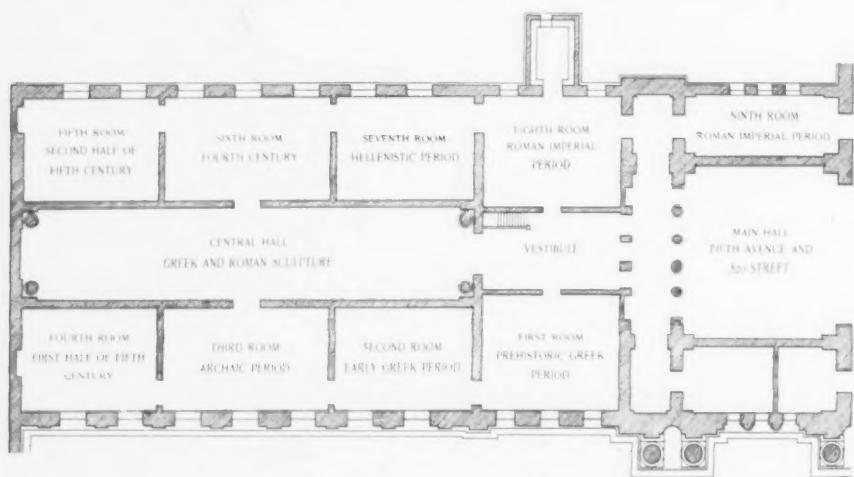
themselves are in place, and in the present case this test has certainly been successful. The sculptures have gained immensely in effectiveness by the dignity of their surroundings, the color of the walls blends beautifully with the tone of the old marbles, and the light brings out the modeling with rare effectiveness.

Architecturally the side galleries do not call for detailed description, as the plan shows that they are of the usual museum gallery type. They are all 32 feet wide and of different lengths. Their height, 24

feet, is perhaps greater than would have been desired for material of the kind displayed in them, but it was necessarily governed by the requirements of the façade, and has at least the advantage that it has rendered the windows large enough to admit ample light for the minute study of the most delicate drawings on the vases. Each room is lighted on one side only, avoiding cross-lights and the glare of windows opposite the eyes. As there were practically no objects to be placed on the walls above the cases, it was more than usually desirable that the walls themselves should be attractive, while kept in their proper relation as backgrounds. This result was obtained by the employment of the so-called "spatter" effect, that is, spattering one or more colors over a pale

ground, the combination varying in the different rooms in order to avoid monotony. In suggesting the combinations to be adopted, and in the color-scheme generally of these galleries and their cases, Mr. Friedley rendered valuable assistance.

For the installation of the collections credit is mainly due to Miss Richter, the Assistant Curator of the department, who has borne the burden both of planning and placing. Excepting the sculptures, which did not lend themselves to such a scheme, the plan of arrangement has been by



PLAN OF THE CLASSICAL ROOMS

feet, is perhaps greater than would have been desired for material of the kind displayed in them, but it was necessarily governed by the requirements of the façade, and has at least the advantage that it has rendered the windows large enough to admit ample light for the minute study of the most delicate drawings on the vases. Each room is lighted on one side only, avoiding cross-lights and the glare of windows opposite the eyes. As there were practically no objects to be placed on the walls above the cases, it was more than usually desirable that the walls themselves should be attractive, while kept in their proper relation as backgrounds. This result was obtained by the employment of the so-called "spatter" effect, that is, spattering one or more colors over a pale

periods rather than by classes of material. That is to say, instead of bringing all the vases together in one series of galleries, the bronzes in another, the terracottas in a third, and so on, the galleries follow a strictly chronological order, all classes of material of a given period being assembled in the room assigned to that period. Thus is offered a synoptic view of the progression of the various arts of the Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans from the earliest times to the latest, so far as the material of the Museum permits. It is hoped that this method of exhibition will prove popular among students of classical art, especially the younger ones, whom we want to see attracted to this department more than they have been hitherto.

It will be remembered that at the south-

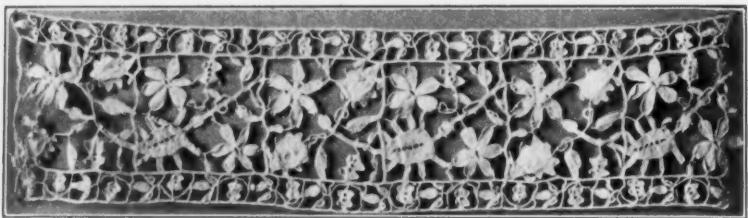
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ern end of the older building, to which this new wing is attached, there were three galleries. The middle one of these has been narrowed to conform with the new hall of sculpture, into which it leads, and the other two have been widened proportionately. With these and the room formerly given to terracottas added to the six new side galleries, we have now a series of ten arranged in the manner described. Beginning at the left immediately on passing from the Fifth Avenue hall, one enters the gallery of prehistoric Greek art, where our fine collection of reproductions and originals illustrating the arts of Crete, Mykenae, Tiryns, etc., is displayed; from this opens the early archaic room, from this again the later archaic room, and so on. The sequence is shown in the plan on p. 244, and it need only be noted here that the sharp interruption between the galleries of one side and those of the other will be overcome when the second part of the extension is completed and there is a connection between the two. As to the details of the arrangement and the objects of importance to be seen in each room, these are fully set forth in the Handbook of the galleries which has been prepared by Miss Richter, and is to be issued simultaneously with the opening.

In conclusion, a word should be said about the galleries on the second story of this section, although they are not yet in permanent shape, and only a portion of them are opened. The hall of sculpture on the lower floor being considerably higher than the usual stud of that floor, and being lighted from above, it was impossible to introduce any galleries directly over it. Consequently the galleries of the upper floor consist of two series of three each, one on the east and one on the west, with no connection between them except at the two ends. These galleries are top-lighted, and of the same general proportions as the galleries below them, though considerably less lofty. The eastern series was opened last summer with an exhibition by our new Print Department, and for the present will continue to be used for that and possibly on occasion for special exhibitions. Several plans have been made for the use of the western series, but unexpected circumstances have obliged us to abandon each—the last as we were almost on the eve of opening. At the moment we are not in a position to say what will be installed there, though this will probably be determined within the next few weeks.

E. R.





REARRANGEMENT OF THE LACES AND TEXTILES

THE new arrangement of the textile fabrics and laces in the galleries formerly occupied by the Morgan Collection at the north end of Wing H on the second floor, has been planned not only to give pleasure to the casual visitor but as well to be of service to those who desire to study the fabrics from a technical or an historical standpoint. With this in view the Study Room has been transferred from the Department of Decorative Arts in the basement of Wing F to Gallery 23 in Wing H, formerly the room of miniatures, which brings it within easy reach of the exhibition galleries.

Aside from the Study Room there have been allotted to this branch of the decorative arts five galleries in all, comprising the two corridors (Nos. 20, 22) overlooking the Hall of Armor, the two large galleries (Nos. 17, 18) at the north end, and the small room that formerly held the Fragonard panels.

In the east corridor, Gallery 22, which is given over to the display of vestments, ecclesiastical embroideries, and costumes, the sumptuous Barberini cope, presented in 1911 by Walter Jennings, holds the place of honor, flanked on either side by a splendid array of copes, chasubles, and dalmatices in rich weaves embellished with elaborate needlework.

At the end of this corridor a group of eighteenth-century costumes holds the attention, the daintily flowered brocades and shimmering satins furnishing an admirable foil to the magnificent apparel of church dignitaries. In the two cases at the left are shown some charming dresses that figured in New York's Assembly Balls dur-

ing the administration of Thomas Jefferson, while at the right in a central wall case may be seen a skirt and bodice of exquisitely embroidered pink silk attributed to the wardrobe of Marie Antoinette.

Entering Gallery 17, the first lace room, the eye is immediately attracted to the central case containing the beautifully embroidered *camicie* from the trousseau of a sixteenth-century Sicilian noblewoman. These garments of fine hand-woven linen, richly embroidered in color and finished with a narrow edge of pointed gold lace, represent Italian costume at a period when sumptuary laws were evolved to prohibit extravagance in dress, laws which in time resulted in the development of white linen embroidery and cutwork, the basis of all needlepoint lace.

The exhibit in this gallery represents the late Renaissance period comprising network, drawnwork, cutwork, with early needlepoint and bobbin laces. The walls are hung with large panels of network, while the smaller pieces are arranged in wall cases with some of the most interesting pieces displayed in central pyramid cases. In these cases have been placed, among other things, the splendid strip of early needlepoint illustrating the story of Judith and Holofernes and the beautiful needlepoint collar such as is found in the Van Dyck portraits, an exquisite fabric of Netherlandish or possibly of English make; both of these are from the Blackborne Collection presented by popular subscription in 1909. Delightful pieces of cutwork are the one presented by Mrs. Edward Luckemeyer, with its centaurs and eagles, and the two beautiful strips, the gift of Mrs. Robert W. de Forest, one of which is of especial interest, reflecting as it does the popular pomegranate trunk

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type of pattern found in fifteenth-century velvets.

Gallery 18 is given over entirely to the display of Italian and French needlepoints. A set of vestments of seventeenth-century Venetian point occupies the central case, while in four adjacent cases are shown the superb flounces of the collection: one in Venetian rose point, the gift of Mrs.

are the superb Venetian bands presented by Mrs. John Jacob Astor and those lent by Mrs. George Blumenthal, while on the east wall hang similar panels of earlier types of the Venetian fabric.

Passing to the adjoining room, one enters a typical Louis XV interior that forms a charming setting for the lighter eighteenth-century laces with which the walls of



VELVET, ITALIAN, XVI CENTURY

Mary E. Hotchkiss; one in point de France of the Regency period, presented by the late Hamilton Cary; another of the same period, a recent gift of Mrs. William Douglas; and a fourth in point d'Alençon, lent by the same donor. The central pyramid cases contain the royal Venetian flounces lent by Mrs. George Blumenthal and those given in memory of Mrs. W. H. Herriman. The walls of the room glow with the *damas cramoisi* of the sumptuous Gobelin tapestries, the Don Quixote series lent by Mrs. Fitz Eugene Dixon, which are balanced by large pieces of lace mounted on rose velvet arranged as wall panels. On the west wall

the room are hung. Here, too, will be found a small collection of historic laces associated with the kings and queens of bygone days, which are of special interest in these days when the fate of crowned heads is punctuated with interrogation points. Among these are a pair of cuffs in point de France from the Blackborne Collection, bearing the cipher of Louis XIV; an exquisite strip of Flemish lace attributed to the Prince of Orange, William III of England, recently presented by Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer; two flounces of Flemish lace from the Blackborne and Cary Collections, bearing the interlaced monograms

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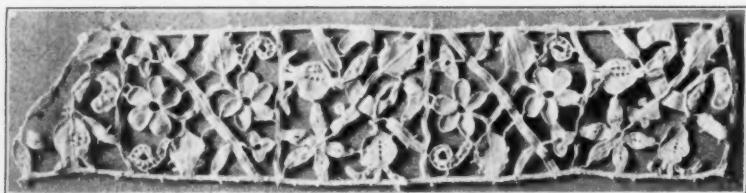
of Elizabeth of Brunswick and Charles II, Duke of Brabant, afterward Charles of Spain; a strip of similar design in which appears the monogram of Maria Theresa; a fragment of Brussels applied lace on *vrai réseau* from a dress of the Empress Josephine, showing the Napoleonic laurel and bee; and a royal christening robe of Brussels lace from the court of France, presented by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt.

From this room one may enter the Study Room at the left or pass directly to the west corridor, Gallery 20, in which are displayed the textile fabrics, many of them reminiscent of the special exhibition held in 1916. A series of small frames arranged in wall cases illustrates the chron-

ological sequence of types, while larger framed pieces are hung on screens. The superb group of Asia Minor and Persian weaves acquired during the past year is placed toward the end of the corridor which opens into the Near Eastern rooms, where other weaves form part of the exhibit of the decorative arts of that section.

With these improved facilities for study, which have been found necessary to meet the increasing demand on the part of artists and artisans, in the past so deeply appreciative of all efforts made in their behalf, it is hoped that the Museum collection will prove even more helpful in the future.

F. M.



DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS: PURCHASES

LAST summer the present Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, having already parted with many of the books which had come down to him from his ancestors, sold at auction in London the collection of prints and drawings which formed one of the chief ornaments of the Wilton House Library, which as long ago as 1817 was referred to by Dibdin as "the oldest now existing of those of Private Collectors; and especially of Collectors of Rank." At this sale the Museum was able to secure a number of quite unusually rare and important prints, some of which prior to passing into the possession of the Herbert family had belonged to Sir Peter Lely.

The most important of these prints—for it is rather difficult to single out any particular ones—may possibly be some of the woodcuts, a number of which, in addition to their historical interest, are of great beauty. Chief among these is doubtless Hans Burgkmair's Death and the Lovers of 1510, one of the great woodcuts of all time, and one of the most important works of art produced in Germany during the Renaissance. Not only is it one of the first chiaroscuros in which integral parts of the design were printed from more than one block, but this particular impression is one of the few known from which the xylographic address of Jost de Negker, who cut the blocks, has not been cut away. There are also Lucas Cranach's well-known Saint Christopher, an early impression in dark olive brown, Hans Wechtlin's Knight and Landsknecht, an anonymous Crucifixion of Dürer's school, all of which are in color, an impression of the key block of Hans Baldung's Witches' Frolic, a Crucifixion by Hans Schaufelein, and Burgkmair's Presentation of the Infant Christ to Saint Anne, as well as a number of Italian chiaroscuros by the more important workers in the medium.

Early engraving is represented by examples from the hands of Israel van Meckenem, Barthel Schongauer and the Master B. M., Julio Campagnola, Jacopo de' Barbari, Pollaiuolo, and two anonymous

masters of the Mantegna school. There are etchings by Lucas of Leyden, Dirck Vellert, Adam Elsheimer, Callot, Hollar, Benedetto Castiglione, and a number of the other seventeenth-century masters.

Many of the early prints mentioned, as is to be expected in view of their age, have suffered at the hand of time, but their artistic importance and their rarity are so great that such blemishes as would seriously mar a modern print must be overlooked, else in all probability would it be impossible ever to have them. Fortunately, however, most of them are works of art the artistic value of which cannot be annihilated by any maltreatment short of absolute destruction, their creators having possessed the secret of Pheidias of whom an old English writer said that "after he had made the Statue of Minerva, with the greatest exquisiteness of Art to be set up in the Acropolis at Athens, afterwards impressed his own Image so deeply in her buckler, ut nemo delere posset aut divellere, qui totam statuam non imminueret."

Last, but artistically not least, of the more important purchases at the Wilton House sale, is a group of engravings by Marcantonio and his school, among which may be mentioned such things as the Adam and Eve, The Climbers, The Last Supper, The Vintage, and the Portrait of Aretino, all of which must surely be ranked among the masterpieces of the burin. The work of this school is not perhaps as popular today as it has been in the past, the vogue of the modern etching having, temporarily at least, displaced it in the affections of the collector. Whatever the reason for this may be, it is certain that at his best the work of Marcantonio has definite olympian qualities which have never been surpassed, a singular beauty and cleanliness of line, and a grave simplicity admirably suited to the magnificent and stately rhythms of Raphael and Michelangelo. So long as virtuosity is admirable, and so long as great compositions remain interesting, he will retain his little group of intelligent admirers; but whether with the return of a less self-conscious age he will again fill the pedestal now occupied by others is possibly matter for doubt, although the mere fact

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that his name is indissolubly linked with that of Raphael is ample cause for the taking of most mature consideration before giving answer.

W. M. L., JR.

SCOTTISH ARMS

FOR centuries the profession of arms has been with the Scotch almost a national calling. Highlanders especially were proud of their arms, and while saving in other respects, never hesitated to spend large sums for decorated pistols, richly carved dirk-hilts, and ornamented shields or targets whose designs are often of rare beauty; in fact, much of their early art was reflected in their personal equipment.

The history of Scottish ornament may be traced in Highland arms, which are responsible for the survival of many ancient Celtic patterns, whose interlaced strapwork, broadly treated spirals, and spirited foliation suggest old Scandinavian and even Romanesque motives. The Scottish armorers of Doune, Perth, or Edinburgh, in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries, sitting in their little workrooms, traced out and executed with painstaking accuracy their national ornaments on their precious arms—one need only glance through the plates of Drummond's *Ancient Scottish Weapons* to realize the value of their work.

Unhappily the general lover of art knows little of Scottish arms, for they are rare, and few even of the largest museums exhibit many specimens. Collectors seldom have an opportunity to purchase them, and when such arms do appear, as in the recent sale at Christie's of the arms of the Earl of Breadalbane, they bring high prices.

A special series of early Scottish arms has been placed in the northeast corner of the Main Armor Hall (H 9). Here one sees beautiful broadswords, a number of targets, two ancient claymores—which are double-handed swords and not to be confused with the well-known Scottish broadswords—a couple of dirks, and a collection of Scottish pistols which we believe has not been excelled in quality

save in the Scottish National Exhibition held in Edinburgh in 1908. Of these arms, the claymore, with guard or quillons bent angularly toward the point and ending in pierced quatrefoils, is lent by Madame Rutherford Stuyvesant from the collection of her husband, who was for many years a trustee and vice-president of the Museum. This formerly belonged to the Earl of Breadalbane. Madame Stuyvesant contributes also a seventeenth-century broadsword, which we believe was made in Italy for some distinguished Scottish officer. The hilt is elaborately ornamented, its traceries and figures encrusted with silver.

Of the targets, two are beautifully ornamented with a design of Celtic strapwork and are from the donation of William H. Riggs; the third, a fist-shield of a very early type, made of concentric rings riveted to rawhide and ornamented with bronze nail-heads, is from the writer's collection.

Of the Highland pistols, ten of the series shown are from the remarkable collection of Charles M. Schott, Jr., and represent a range of form, ornament, and workmanship unexcelled, so far as we know, in any private collection. In this series one finds a splendid example by James McKenzie, dating about 1700, another by Alexander Campbell about 1725, and several by the Murdochs, dating about 1775. A beautiful pair of pistols signed by John Campbell of Doune is lent by Madame Stuyvesant. In addition, the Museum contributes a brace of primitive Highland pistols from the donation of William H. Riggs, dated 1623, and a later pair, still in the fashion of the earlier days, dating about 1700. These last were used in the Revolution by Jonathan Porter, of Medford, Mass., and were donated to the Museum in memory of his descendant, John Osgood Blanchard, by Mrs. Elizabeth Cameron Blanchard. Such a pistol as one of these, it may be mentioned, in the hand of Major Pitcairn at Lexington fired the first shot in the Revolutionary War, April 19, 1775.

Highland pistols, as this collection clearly shows, have certain features which distinguish them from all others, such as steel stocks, heart-shaped or lobed, obtusely rounded, and ram's-horn butts, globular

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triggers, and profuse ornamentation, which is incised and often inlaid with silver, or alloys of copper. One may readily see that their makers (see the list in Charles Winthrop Sawyer's *Firearms in American History*) were artists in their day.

Of the Scottish dirks, which are usually accompanied by scabbard, knife, and fork, there are two in the present exhibition; the earlier one, from the writer's collection, was given by Clemantina, Lady Perth, to James Miller "as the best performer of the Ancient Highland Sword Dance, at the meeting of St. Fillan's Gaelic Society 1822." This dirk bears the arms of the Earl of Perth and is probably of earlier date than its inscription suggests.

ALEXANDER McMILLAN WELCH.

A SILVER DISH OF INTERESTING HISTORY

JUDGE A. T. Clearwater of Kingston has added to his collection of silver, and lent to the Museum, an important and interesting dish which bears the Paris hall mark of 1789 and the official mark of Henri Clavel, the *régisseur général* of the period. It is fourteen inches long, ten inches wide, three inches deep, and weighs forty-two ounces. It differs from most French silver of the period in that it is plain and massive, with a simple fluted

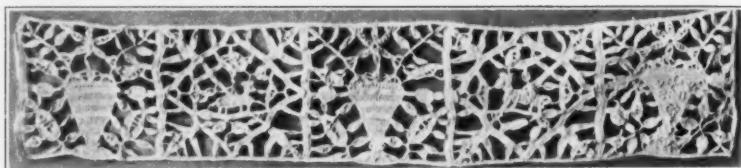
border, and rests upon four ball feet. Ordinarily silver of that period is elaborate, even rococo.

This dish is interesting also for its history. Stephen Decatur the elder, while commanding the Delaware during the hostilities with France in 1798-1799, captured the French privateer LaCroyable, in West Indian waters, and among the spoils of war the dish came into his possession. He afterward gave it to his son, Commodore Stephen Decatur, who had it with him while he commanded the Constitution and the Congress during the war with Tripoli. Subsequently the Commodore had it with him on the United States when in 1810 he hoisted his broad pennant as Commodore of the Southern Station, and it was with him on his ship President during the war with England in 1812, and in the war with Algiers when he captured the Algerian frigate Mashouda and the Algerian brig-of-war Estidio. Engraved upon the front of the dish is the simple inscription "Decatur" in a wreath of oak leaves. When the elder Decatur captured LaCroyable and came into possession of the dish, there was engraved upon it the coat of arms of the original owner, which he at once erased, and had his own name inscribed.

The dish is exhibited in Wing H, Room 12.



SILVER DISH, FRENCH, 1789



NOTES

MEMBERSHIP. At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held on Monday afternoon, November 19, the following persons, having qualified for membership in their respective classes, were elected:

FELLOW FOR LIFE

STEVENSON SCOTT

SUSTAINING MEMBER

MRS. PAUL MORTON

One hundred and ninety-four persons were elected Annual Members.

CLASS ROOM EXHIBITION OF CZECHOSLOVAK ART. An exhibition of Czechoslovak folk art—embroideries, textiles, and ceramics—will be held at the Museum from December 7 to January 6. The objects shown are those which have been brought to this country from Europe and which have been generously lent by their owners, mostly residents of the city. This opportunity to see examples of this beautiful and little-known art should prove of interest to designers and students of design as well as to the large group of the citizens of New York who once called Bohemia their home country.

On Sunday afternoon, December 9, a talk will be given in the Class Room at 4 o'clock by Pavel Sochàñ on Czechoslovak Design. Mr. Sochàñ will speak in Bohemian, and it is hoped will give pleasure to many who combine a warm interest in their former home with a firm loyalty to America. For those who understand English only, Mr. Sochàñ's talk will be preceded by one on the same theme in English by Mr. Vondrouš.

THE STAFF. Joseph Breck, whose appointment to the positions of Assistant

Director and Curator of the Department of Decorative Arts of the Museum was announced in the BULLETIN of last July, has now entered upon his duties. Coming to the Museum originally in 1909 after collegiate work at Harvard University, he remained until 1914 in the position of Assistant Curator. In 1914 he became the first director of the newly organized Minneapolis Institute of Arts, where for three years and a half he "directed the selection of the various collections belonging to the Society and conceived and carried out the unique method of their installation and exhibition which has given the Museum an enviable distinction."

Meyric R. Rogers, late Assistant in the Department of Fine Arts at Harvard College, has been appointed Assistant in the Department of Decorative Arts, and entered upon his duties here in November.

A CHANGE IN THE EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE PRINTS. The exhibition of Japanese prints in Room H 11 has been changed. The so-called primitives have made room for the landscapes of Hiroshige, foremost among which are naturally the best examples of the Tokaido set, the prints illustrating the road travelers took from Yedo, the modern Tokyo, to the ancient capital Kyoto.

NEW USE OF FORMER LACE GALLERIES. The rooms where the lace collection used to be, Wing E, Rooms 8, 9, and 10, have now been opened and contain a part of the Chinese and Japanese collections.

A CHINESE BRONZE ON EXHIBITION. A Chinese bronze of most extraordinary quality has been lent to the Department

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of Far Eastern Art by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr. The piece, now exhibited in Wing E, Room 9, is a libation vessel of the Chou period, 1122-256 B. C., in the shape of a fantastic animal which suggests a horned bull; the back, turned upside down, forms a saucer. The details are derived from different kinds of animal life. The handle has the beautiful shape of the phoenix reduced to an ornament, the hind legs are human figures, the details dragons and fishes of all sorts. But what is of greater importance is that the piece is of remarkably fine casting, showing the wonderful skill of the bronze workers of this very early period, and it is covered with the most beautiful soft green patina of the kind which suggests lacquer and which is so enormously appreciated in Japan.

LECTURES FOR ELEMENTARY AND HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS. Of the four lectures on The Evolution of Clothing planned by the American Museum of Natural History and The Metropolitan Museum of Art in coöperation, two will be given by Mrs. Agnes L. Vaughan at the Metropolitan Museum on December 11 and 18 at 3:45 P.M. in the Lecture Hall, the general subject being Historic Fabrics and Costume. On December 11 she will discuss the beauty of line in Greek dress, the richness of color in the Byzantine silks, and the fifteenth century in France, its fantastic fashions, stately brocades, and courtly velvet. On December 18 she will continue with the seventeenth-century cobwebs of lace, the gay patterns and dainty garments of the eighteenth century, and a glimpse at some of the rapid changes of fashion during the nineteenth century. The lectures will be illustrated by costume dolls, living models, and objects in the collections.

LECTURES ON ARTISTIC PROBLEMS IN GREEK SCULPTURE. The classical collection, which has been growing steadily in value and importance during recent

years, has now for the first time an installation by which its full beauty may be realized by the casual observer who passes from room to room. The visitor may be stimulated by the beauty of the examples he sees to turn back with new zest to an inquiry into the ideals of Greek sculpture.

In anticipation of an increased interest on the part of the public, a short series of talks on Greek sculpture will be given by Miss Edith R. Abbot, dealing with the aesthetic problems and not entering upon a discussion of archaeological questions. These lectures, which will be open to the public without tickets, will be held on Wednesday afternoons at 3:45 o'clock in Class Room A, as follows:

- January 9. Translation of Nature into Plastic Art.
- 16. Embodiment of National Ideals.
- 23. Formal Design.
- 30. New Interests of the Fourth Century.

February 6. Expansion of the Hellenistic Age.

LECTURES ON DYESTUFFS OF THE ANCIENTS. Charles E. Pellew, who has been conducting most interesting investigations of the dyestuffs used in antiquity, will give for Salespeople and Designers four lectures embodying the results of his experiments on the four Saturday evenings in January at 8 o'clock in the Class Room. These will be illustrated with specimens of dyestuffs and textiles and by experiments. The programme is as follows:

- January 5. Yellow Dyes.
- 12. Blue Dye.
- 19. Red Dyes.
- 26. Purple Dyes.

Each evening the early manufacture, history, characteristics, modern methods of manufacture, and present uses of the different dyes will be discussed.

LIST OF ACCESSIONS AND LOANS

NOVEMBER, 1917

CLASS	OBJECT	SOURCE
ANTIQUITIES—CLASSICAL	*Two fragments of architectural decoration, Roman period	
CERAMICS (Floor II, Room 5) " " " "	Brush holder, Chinese, Ming period Covered bowl, Ming period; porcelain cup, modern—Chinese Jar, Han dynasty; jar, T'ang dynasty; jar, gallipot, Wan-li dish, and bowl, Ming dynasty—Chinese †Two vases, Franco-American, early nineteenth century; Pennsylvania slipware dish, American, 1800-1814	Purchase. Gift of A. Chait. Anonymous Gift. Purchase.
DRAWINGS	*Sketches for the Madonna, an Allegory, and Head of a Man, by Leonardo da Vinci, Italian, 1452-1519	Purchase.
GLASS	*Lamp, American, early nineteenth century	Purchase.
MEDALS, PLAQUES, ETC.	†Two bronze commemorative medals, Catskill Aqueduct Opening, by Daniel Chester French. †Silver commemorative medal, Catskill Aqueduct Opening, by Daniel Chester French	Purchase. Gift of Robert W. de Forest.
METALWORK (Wing E, Room 11)	†Bronze commemorative medal, U. S. Declaration of War, 1917, by Eli Harvey	Gift of Mayor's Catskill Aqueduct Celebration Commission.
PAINTINGS	Bronze mirror, Chinese, Han dynasty	Gift of American Numismatic Society.
REPRODUCTIONS (Floor II, Room 5)	*Lock, American (?), early nineteenth century †Portrait of Christopher Colles, artist unknown	Gift of Edgar Pierce Allen. Gift of Durr Friedley.
SCULPTURE	*Thirty-four models of costumes, Japanese Clay figure, Chinese, modern Five modern pieces of porcelain, Chinese and Japanese *Head, Haniwa, from ancient sepulchral mound	Gift of Mr. Nüro. Anonymous Gift.
TEXTILES (Wing H, Room 20)	Venetian hanging, eighteenth century; *three linen covers, American, nineteenth century	Purchase.

*Silver statue, Seated Buddha, Siamese

Lent by Mrs. Theodosia G. S. Carlin.

*Not yet placed on Exhibition.

†Recent Accessions Room (Floor I, Room 6).

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LOCATION	OBJECT	SOURCE
(Wing H, Room 7)	Prize arrow, of crossbow guild, Austrian, seventeenth century.	Lent by Dr. Bashford Dean.
(Wing H, Room 22)	Tapestry, Russian, eighteenth century.....	Lent by Miss Alice Einstein.
	*Bronze statue, Dying Buddha, Siamese, sixteenth century; porcelain box and plate, fifteenth century; porcelain plate, seventeenth century—Chinese; porcelain plate, fifteenth century; porcelain dish and plate, pottery figure and bowl, seventeenth century—Japanese.....	
(Wing H, Room 9)	Target, fifteenth century; pistol and dirk, early nineteenth century—Scotch.....	Lent by S. C. Bosch Reitz.
		Lent by Alexander McMillan Welch.

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CALENDAR OF LECTURES

DECEMBER 9, 1917—JANUARY 9, 1918

December	9	Story-Hour	Anna C. Chandler	3:00 P. M.
	9	Salespeople's Seminar	Grace Cornell	2-4 P. M.
	9	Czecho-Slovak Design	Pavel Socháň	4:00 P. M.
	11	Historic Fabrics and Costumes	Agnes L. Vaughan	3:45 P. M.
	15	Story-Hour (For Members' Children)	Anna C. Chandler	10:30 A. M.
	16	Story-Hour	Anna C. Chandler	3:00 P. M.
	16	Stained Glass	Hon. Charles H. Sherrill	4:00 P. M.
	18	Historic Fabrics and Costumes	Agnes L. Vaughan	3:45 P. M.
	23	American Furniture	Walter A. Dyer	4:00 P. M.
	30	Pewter	Mrs. E. W. Norton	4:00 P. M.
January	5	Dyestuffs of the Ancients	Charles E. Pellew	8:00 P. M.
	6	Etching, The Art and its Practice	Frank Weitenkampf	4:00 P. M.
	9	Artistic Problems in Greek Sculpture	Edith R. Abbot	3:45 P. M.

*Not yet placed on Exhibition.

†Recent Accessions Room (Floor I, Room 6).

THE BULLETIN OF THE
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
FIFTH AVENUE AND 82D STREET

Published monthly under the direction of the
Secretary of The Metropolitan Museum of Art,
Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, New
York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter, March 23,
1907, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,
under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

Subscription price, one dollar a year, single
copies ten cents. Copies for sale may be had
at the Fifth Avenue entrance to the Museum.

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A ticket admitting the member and his family, and non-resident friends, on Mondays and Fridays.	
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The BULLETIN and a copy of the Annual Report.

A set of all handbooks published for general distribution, upon request at the Museum.

In addition to the privileges to which all classes of members are entitled, Sustaining and Fellowship Members have, upon request, double the number of tickets to the Museum accorded to Annual Members; their families are included in the invitation to any general reception, and whenever their subscriptions in the aggregate amount to \$1,000 they shall be entitled to be elected Fellows for Life, and to become members of the Corporation. For further particulars, address the Secretary.

ADMISSION

The Museum is open daily from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (Sunday from 1 P.M. to 6 P.M.); Saturday until 10 P.M.

On Monday and Friday an admission fee of 25 cents is charged to all except members and holders of complimentary tickets.

Children under seven years of age are not admitted unless accompanied by an adult.

Members are admitted on pay days on presentation of their tickets. Persons holding members' complimentary tickets are entitled to one admittance on a pay day.

EXPERT GUIDANCE

Members, visitors, and teachers desiring to see the collections of the Museum under expert guidance, may secure the services of members of the staff on application to the Secretary. An appointment should preferably be made.

This service is free to members and to teachers in the public schools of New York City, as well as to pupils under their guidance. To all others a charge of twenty-five cents per person will be made with minimum charge of one dollar an hour.

PRIVILEGES TO STUDENTS

For special privileges extended to teachers, pupils, and art students; and for use of the Library, classrooms, study rooms, collection of lantern slides, and Museum collections, see special leaflet.

Requests for permits to copy and to photograph in the Museum should be addressed to the Secretary. No permits are necessary for sketching and for taking snapshots with hand cameras. Permits are issued for all days except Saturday afternoons, Sundays, and legal holidays. For further information, see special leaflet.

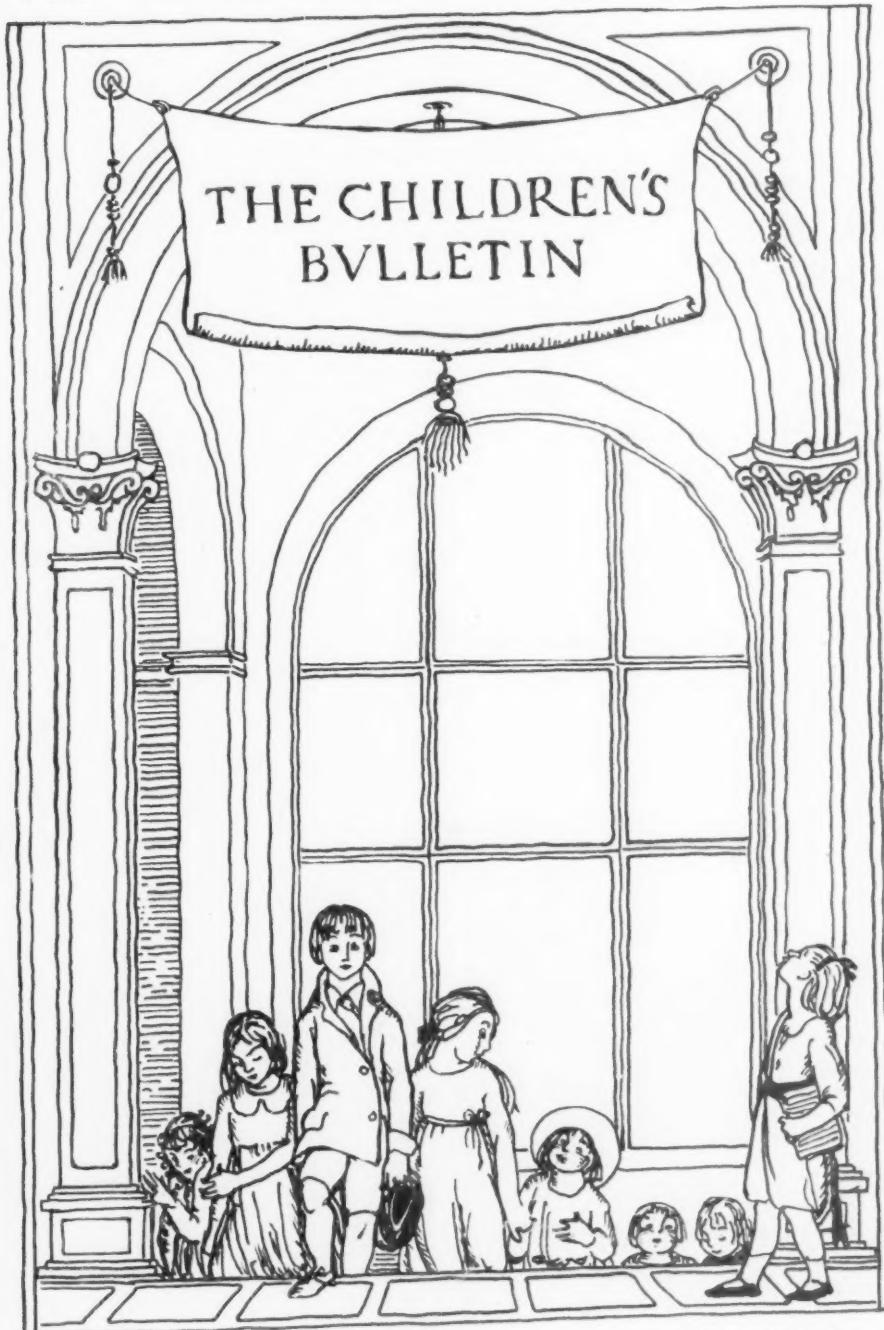
PUBLICATIONS

CATALOGUES published by the Museum and PHOTOGRAPHS of all objects belonging to the Museum, made by the Museum photographer, and by other photographers, are on sale at the Fifth Avenue entrance and at the head of the main staircase. Lists will be sent on application. Orders by mail may be addressed to the Secretary.

RESTAURANT

A restaurant located in the basement on the north side of the main building is open from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Saturdays to 8 P.M.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



VOLUME I

MARCH, 1917

NUMBER 1



STORIES for children of the members of the Museum, about the things in the Museum, have been printed in the BULLETIN for some months, but the time has come to print these stories in a magazine just for children. And so Miss Howe has given us a new story, and Mrs. Ivins has made a picture for the cover, and there you are!

THE STORY OF BERTRAND THE BRAVE A BOY OF THE MIDDLE AGES

INTRODUCTION

THE statue of the Virgin and Child around which I have woven this story of Bertrand the Brave is to be found in the Wing of Decorative Arts at the far end of the large hall, beyond the cases of Merovingian jewelry that I used for the story in the January CHILDREN'S BULLETIN. The label on this interesting old statue is Virgin and Child, French, School of Auvergne, second half of XII century.

Encircling the statue upon the wall is a stone arch also from the south of France and belonging to the twelfth century. This has a delightful pattern of vines with birds here and there pecking at the grapes or hopping along the branches, and animals in lively poses. See how varied the carving is.

These two objects are examples of Romanesque art, that is, the art of western Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Romanesque churches have the round arch and are generally massive in their masonry. In one of the galleries of casts there is a cast of a doorway of the Romanesque Church of Notre-

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Dame-du-Port at Clermont-Ferrand, where Pope Urban II called a council.

In the Hall of Casts also is a model of the Great Hall of Penshurst Castle. To be sure, this is an English castle, not a French one, and it was not built until the fourteenth century. Yet it gives a good general idea of the appearance of the dining hall in the Château de Buron where Bertrand lived.

Beyond the Egyptian collection, on the first floor also, are some fascinating halls of armor that you can explore for things that illustrate this story. For example, in the center of the large hall, facing you as you enter, is a knight in armor on horseback, with his long lance extended in front of him as in a tournament. The label reads: Tilting armor, German, 1500. In the smaller room at the end of this hall is a falcon, hooded and perched on a gauntlet, just as it would be carried. The gauntlet, as the label tells, is a falconer's gauntlet, Saxon, of the late sixteenth century.

THE STORY

ONCE upon a time there lived in the very heart of France a boy named Bertrand, a merry little lad of seven years. One day his father and mother after a long talk together called him to them and so serious did his father look, so sad his mother, that he was sure something was going to happen.

"My boy," began his father, "you are to go to-morrow to the Château de Buron, the grand castle of the Count of Auvergne, to live with him as a page. Your mother and I expect you to become a brave knight, and now that you are seven, your training must begin."

At first Bertrand was excited at the thought of a long journey on horseback to the great castle of which he had been told such wonderful tales, but soon he asked, "Won't you and Mother live with me?"

"No," replied his mother sadly, "but the Count of Auvergne

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will let you come home every few months for a day or two. Remember you are my Bertrand the Brave"; for since his earliest recollection she had helped him to be courageous by calling him "Bertrand the Brave."

At this time—about 1175 A. D.—France was ruled by a king. There were also rulers known as barons who were really little kings in certain parts of the country; they were the servants of the king and must fight for him in time of war, but in turn the people living on their land were their servants and must fight under their banners. Even among the barons some had more power than others, and the less important barons owed allegiance to those of higher rank.

This was all very perplexing to seven-year-old Bertrand. His father was a nobleman, but in the same region lived a much mightier noble—the Count of Auvergne—who was his superior in rank, his overlord, as he was called. Now these were the days of chivalry, when the great ambition for any boy of gentle birth was to be a knight, and Bertrand had always expected to go on knightly adventures when he grew up. To be a knight, however, required fourteen years of training, and this Bertrand must secure in the castle of his father's overlord; for in those days very few boys lived at home after their seventh birthday.

Early the next morning Bertrand and his father mounted their horses in the courtyard of the castle, where every one in the household from the aged gate-keeper to the youngest kitchen boy stood lined up to say good-bye to their little lord. Over the drawbridge the horses clattered and down the steep hill on which the castle stood and across the level country until they were lost in the distance. Bertrand's brave mother stood on the wall of the castle fluttering a bright-colored cloth so long as there was any chance of her boy's seeing it, and again and again he turned round to catch a last glimpse of his mother.

All that early June day Bertrand and his father rode over the province of Auvergne, his father pointing out the castles

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that were perched on the summits of the hills and naming the mountains that reared their weird outlines out of the plain, now bright with spring flowers.

Late in the afternoon they approached the Château de Buron, a strong stone fortress with a moat or ditch around it deep enough to drown the count's foes, and a drawbridge to admit his friends. When Bertrand's father blew his trumpet, the drawbridge was lowered and the travelers entered into the courtyard of the castle, to which every one came running. Here the Count of Auvergne and his wife cordially greeted their guests. The Count called to a boy about sixteen years old in the crowd, "Henri, take Bertrand off with you to meet Richard and Hugh," and then turning to Bertrand's father, explained, "Richard and Hugh are the pages who will be your son's companions. They are the twin sons of one of my vassals and have already had a year's training as pages. Bertrand will soon feel at home with them."

After a few minutes Bertrand's father, declining the Count's invitation to spend the night, started home unknown to Bertrand, who was becoming acquainted with his new home under the guidance of Richard and Hugh.

Five o'clock—the supper hour—came quickly and the pages hastened to the large dining hall where they must serve the lord and lady. Bertrand was permitted to bring water for the Countess to wash her hands, while Richard assisted the Count in the same way, and Hugh brought the carving knife for Henri to cut the huge roast cooked at the great fireplace at the far end of the room, where the dogs trotted back and forth to keep the spit turning. No fork had the Count of Auvergne and much I fear he put his knife in his mouth. Neither had he his own plate. Huge wooden trenchers—we should call them platters—were used by two people at a time. Several hounds clustered around the Count, looking wistfully for their turn, and every now and then he threw them a bone. The pages, after their duties were over, ate at the servants' table.

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After supper the household gathered in the chapel of the castle, while the priest read the evening service. All of a sudden in the quiet and the dim light of the chapel Bertrand remembered that his mother was far away and where his father was he did not know and a great loneliness rushed over him. When the other pages left the chapel, he remained behind and flung himself at the foot of a statue of the Virgin and Child and sobbed out his homesick heart. Finally he fell asleep on the hard floor of the chapel and dreamed that the statue stooped and comforted him. He wakened only when a flaring torch shone full on his face and he heard the kind-hearted Countess of Auvergne, who had searched everywhere for the new page, say, "You poor, homesick boy!"

The Countess was so kind and Bertrand's comrades so friendly that soon he ceased to be homesick, but from that evening he felt a peculiar fondness for the wooden statue in the chapel and every opportunity he had he stood before it, looking at it intently.

Early in the morning Bertrand's duties as a page began under the direction of Richard and Hugh, who felt very important indeed. At breakfast he again waited on the Countess and throughout the day he ran her errands and learned to be useful to her.

The morning hours were devoted to studying with the good-natured priest, who taught reading and writing. Before dinner, which came at eleven o'clock, the Count of Auvergne took the boys out to the building where the falcons were kept, each fastened to his own perch. Every lord kept a number of falcons to catch wild birds; hawking the sport was called. He carried the falcon on his wrist, its head covered by a little cap to keep it from wanting to fly before he was ready. When he wished to call the falcon back from his flight, he gave a peculiar whistle and each falcon was trained to know his own master's whistle. Bertrand was made the proud possessor of his own falcon this morning and took his first lesson in the words he must use in hawking; for a complete vocabulary

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was associated with the sport and every nobleman must be familiar with it.

After dinner the boys went to the tilt-yard, a level field within the castle walls, to watch the older boys, the squires, practise with the quintain. This was a sort of dummy antagonist against which the squire rode on horseback with his lance held horizontally as it would be in a tournament. All went well if the squire hit the shield of the dummy squarely; but if he were slow or clumsy, the dummy hit him a resounding blow with a sand-bag held in its other hand. Poor Henri was very unfortunate this afternoon and brought much ridicule upon himself.

Late in the afternoon the boys ran a race through the stables and the lodgings of the men-at-arms up the stairs to the castle walls, where Gaston, the talkative old sentinel, paced back and forth. Arriving breathless before him, they all in unison panted out their request for a story.

"A story you're wanting, my lads?" queried the sentinel. "Now run along and play and let old Gaston rest. There is no peace when you children are around." Bertrand started to go, but Richard and Hugh, who understood that Gaston only wanted to be urged, stood still and teased the old man, who presently warmed up.

"This little lad gave us all a fright last night. And he was sleeping all the time on the chapel floor at the feet of the Virgin. Ha! Ha! Wouldn't my brother, the good monk, Pierre, who carved that statue be pleased if he could know! He lived in the Benedictine monastery over at La Chaise-Dieu, and spent much of his time in illuminating manuscripts and carving statues.

"Pierre listened to the words of Bernard of Clairvaux when he preached that men everywhere should leave home and drive the Turks from the Holy Land. He set out with many others, each wearing the red cross on his right shoulder. Well I remember the morning when the Crusaders passed this castle. Ah, gallant they looked, but," and the old man shook his head,



VIRGIN AND CHILD, FRENCH
SECOND HALF OF XII CENTURY

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"only a few ever reached Jerusalem and fewer still came back after two years.

"Twas always so. My grandfather went on the First Crusade. Many a time he told me about it when I was a boy. He was at Clermont-Ferrand at that great council that Pope Urban II called in 1096, just before the First Crusade. For days beforehand the roads to the town were thronged with people coming to the council; so many came they could find no room within the walls and so they pitched tents in the meadows outside. And then as no church could hold so large a company, a scaffold was built upon a large plain and from this the Pope spoke. All the people listened intently and almost before he stopped speaking they pressed forward to beg for the red cross that was to be the sign that they had enlisted in the crusade. My grandfather was among the first. A hundred thousand men, women, and children started for Jerusalem. Yes, boys no bigger than you went. And oh, how tired they got during the long march. Every city they came to, the children cried out, 'Is this Jerusalem?'"

"But what about the statue?" asked Bertrand, who, while Gaston rambled on, had waited in vain for more about the statue in which he had become interested.

"That's the point I was coming at," said the old sentinel. "You boys are always in a hurry. Well, Pierre carved many a figure and sold it to some nobleman of Auvergne, who carried it to his castle to contain a relic of a saint. If you visit these castles, you will see them."

"I like this one in our chapel best. It was carved after he came back from the Second Crusade. While he was away, he saw the Church of Santa Sophia in Constantinople. My, that must be beautiful, all mosaics and beautiful stones. Pierre told me about it. After his return his work was influenced by the ivories he had seen there; Byzantine ivories, he called them. I did not know what that word meant, but he said the art in Constantinople was called Byzantine, and he explained that the small, regular folds of the Virgin's robe were

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like what he had seen on the ivories. The faces of the Virgin and Child, however, were strictly from his own imagination and very much like faces we see every day. He worked years before he was willing to call that statue done, for it was to contain a relic he had obtained in the East and so it must be his best work. It was finished only last year shortly before Pierre died."

The chapel bell interrupted Gaston's story, but Bertrand went not unwillingly, as he would there see Pierre's statue.

Nearly fourteen years passed. Bertrand was now a tall young man. Seven years he had served as page, and then joined Richard and Hugh as a squire. Together they had hunted the deer and the boar, practised with the quintain, and learned to sing and to play the harp, taught by a minstrel who spent the winter months at the castle. After Sir Richard and Sir Hugh were knighted, Bertrand became the "squire of the body" for the Count of Auvergne. He cleaned his lord's armor, armed him when he took part in a tournament or a real battle, fought by his side, and at the castle lay before his door while he slept.

The very next day Bertrand would become a knight. The guests—among them his father and his mother, proud and happy—had begun to arrive to witness the ceremony. After a bath and an entire change of clothing, to signify the beginning of a new life, Bertrand was led by the castle priest to the chapel, there to spend the entire night alone without supper and without sleep. Long were the hours and strong his inclination to sleep, but he fought it off by pacing to and fro and thinking hard. Frequently he took his stand before Pierre's statue of the Virgin and Child and gazed fixedly into those earnest faces.

In the morning the guests entered the chapel. The Count of Auvergne as he came in hung around Bertrand's neck the sword that was to be his, and he, remembering what Richard and Hugh had done, laid it on the altar. The noble ladies,

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his mother with the rest, put on his armor—buckling on his spurs, helping him into his hauberk, girding on his sword belt, and setting his helmet on his head. Last of all they took the sword from the altar and placed it in the scabbard at his side.

Bertrand knelt before the Count and promised faithfully to keep the vows of knighthood—to reverence God, to defend his native land, to uphold the rights of the weak, to be gentle and courteous to women, to keep his honor untarnished. The Count of Auvergne then drew his own sword and with its flat side struck him three times on the shoulder, saying, "In the name of God and Saint Michael I dub thee knight. Arise, Sir Bertrand!"

A few months later Sir Bertrand and the Count of Auvergne started for Palestine to fight with Philip II and Richard the Lion-Hearted. With them the wooden statue with its relic was carried into the thick of the fight. There Bertrand became indeed Bertrand the Brave.

W. E. H.

AN EXHIBIT FOR YOU

LONG before the days when knights of the Round Table rode forth upon perilous quests, before our fairies and elves and little people of the hills were dreamed of, even before the days of the gods on Mt. Olympus, little children in Egypt gathered round the story-teller to hear a tale of king or god, of serpent or of river-monster.

That these little people really lived back in that shadowy past, we realize when we see the very things they used and loved, and happily for us many little objects have been found which show us what the life of the Egyptian boy and girl was like. A group of these objects has been arranged in a case in Class Room B, with labels which will help us to picture those children of the long ago.

The objects in this case have come from tombs in Egypt. The Egyptians thought that Heaven was a beautiful country

THE CHILDREN'S BULLETIN

to the west, a land much like the Egypt they knew, where the days would be spent in ploughing and harvesting, the evenings in playing games. When a man died, his friends built a tomb for him in which they placed all those things which they imagined he might need in his new life—food, things to amuse him, little servants to wait upon him. It did not matter to them that some of these objects were but models of the real things—that the loaves of bread and the fruit were moulded of clay, that the servants were tiny pottery figures. On the walls of the tomb were painted pictures in bright colors, representing the Egyptian on his journey to Heaven or after his arrival there, overseeing the work of his slaves, engaged in some sport, or banqueting with his friends. Whenever we find such a tomb today, we suddenly have a glimpse into ancient Egypt, as we have here in this case.

On the lowest shelf are some delightful toys: some dice, a group of pottery animals—among them a toy cow which probably once rattled to amuse some wee Egyptian—a set of pottery dishes such as some little girl in far-away Egypt might have used in giving a tea-party, and the doll fashioned from a shingle and once wearing a gaily painted dress.

On the next shelf a group of writing materials will help us to picture the days at school. Here are a wax-covered slate, bits of writing on fragments of pottery and on papyrus, a palette, and a pen. But school means holidays, too; how the latter were spent we can guess by looking at the colored plate which hangs at the right of the case. This picture, taken from a painting on the walls of the tomb of an Egyptian named Nakht, shows a man with his family in their light boat, fowling in the marshes along the Nile, and in the case is shown just such a boomerang or “throw-stick” as this sportsman used to bring down his birds.

When he was not taking a holiday with his family, this Egyptian father may have been engaged in farming. Perhaps he had many slaves to plough his fields and bring in his harvests. On the topmost shelf is a model which tells this

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part of our story; for here are two donkeys, loaded with packs of grain and urged on by vigorous, straight-kneed little slaves. This work in the fields would be continued in Heaven, so the Egyptians believed, and in order that the master might still have slaves to serve him, little figures were placed in the tomb who should follow their master and answer whenever he was called to do any work in Heaven. These little answerers or ushabti, as they were called, were of course not real people but just small images made of pottery and covered with bright blue or green glaze. Here in the case are three such little servants and each seems prepared for his task; for in either hand he is carrying a tiny hoe like the large one of wood which may be seen just back of the figures.

Watching over their flocks and harvests and guarding their cities, as well as guiding their souls to that shadowy land beyond the Nile, were the gods of the ancient Egyptians. Some were powerful and were worshiped in splendid temples built in their honor. But the Egyptian found it difficult to imagine what the gods might be like and so he sought to find things to which he might compare them. One god, being strong and swift, was pictured as a hawk, and here in the case is a small bronze figure of him. The people of a certain city in northern Egypt worshiped a cat-goddess and quite possibly the little bronze figure here shown was once presented to a temple to win her favor. The third image is of the bull Apis who was considered sacred by the Egyptians, and was worshiped in many cities.

The background for these objects is a copy of a picture found on the wall of a tomb, showing many entertaining little groups of weavers, acrobats, fishermen, a frieze of animals and a hunter, with a band of hieroglyphs above and a characteristic border.

We hope that these objects will help you to picture more vividly and sympathetically those interesting little individuals, the Egyptian children of the long ago.

C. L. A.

THE CHILDREN'S BULLETIN

STORY-HOURS

MISS CHANDLER is giving a series of Story-Hours for Children of Members in the Museum Lecture Hall on Saturday mornings in March at 11 o'clock. If your parents are members of the Museum, they will receive tickets which will admit you. After each story you will see lantern slides that illustrate it and then you will be guided to the parts of the Museum where there are objects which have to do with the story.

On March 3rd Robin Hood and Maid Marian was the story told. The idea of Robin Hood in an art museum may seem to you odd, but really the famous outlaw you have read of in Ivanhoe belongs among several of the objects you may see here.

On March 17th The Miraculous Pitcher is the subject of the story. You would like such a wonderful pitcher, I am sure, and such powerful guests in your home as these old Greeks were.

On March 31st the story of The Quest of the Princess Periezade will be told. Have you read this story in The Arabian Nights? Then you will certainly want to hear Miss Chandler tell it and see the things that illustrate it.

THE CHILDREN'S BULLETIN

Published quarterly by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, New York, N. Y., under the direction of the Secretary. Application for admission as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., pending.

Subscription price, forty cents a year, single copies, ten cents; copies for sale may be had at the Fifth Avenue Entrance to the Museum.

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VOLUME I

JUNE, 1917

NUMBER 2



THE STORY THE GARGOYLE TOLD

INTRODUCTION

THE ivory mirror case about which I have imagined this story the gargoyle told is a little thing and so you may never have seen it. If you look, you will discover it in a small room marked F4, off the large central hall of the Wing of Decorative Arts. It is labeled: Top of Mirror Case, Ivory, Representing an Assault on the Castle of Love, French, XIV Century.

I have called the carver of this mirror case Jehan de Couilly, because a man of that name really lived in Paris and did make mirrors and combs for Charles VI and Isabella of Bavaria. The ivories were not signed, as pictures often were, but sometimes we may learn the names of the artists through lists of the possessions of kings and nobles. They imitated the sculptures in the churches and the beautiful little paintings of the miniaturists, as they were called, the men who illustrated the hand-written books of vellum of that day. The romances popular at the time, especially the Romance of the Rose, written over a century before Jehan lived, furnished them many a subject which they carved most skilfully.

Among the best patrons of the ivory workers were the noble ladies, and the artists made what the ladies wanted, principally toilet articles. Some lady of the court may at one time have owned other ivories in this case: the interesting comb, the case for a knife and sharpener, and the little boxes. The ladies carried the mirrors hanging from their girdles by gold or silver chains. The mirror itself for which this case was carved was

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made probably of polished metal or possibly of glass with lead behind it.

One lady of the time, Christine de Pisan, was a famous writer who enjoyed the favor of Charles VI. She told the very story of the attack upon the castle of love that is carved upon this mirror case, finding the idea in the Romance of the Rose, which furnished the suggestion for so many poems. Was it her poem, do you suppose, which gave our ivory worker a fitting scene to carve, or was it some other poem of his day?

When we want to know how the ladies of the court looked in the fourteenth century, we may see among the costume dolls in the Museum a doll dressed in the full dress, odd headdress, and long veil that were fashionable at the court of Isabella of Bavaria. This collection of dolls is in the basement reached by a stairway from the Hall of Armor.

The gargoyle that told the story is in the large central hall of the Wing of Decorative Arts just outside the door of F4 and there are three others nearby. Do you know that gargoyles are really waterspouts to carry the rain water away from the building so it shall not run down the stones and stain them? They served a useful purpose, you see, but the cathedral builders made them play a part also in the decoration of the building. They carved them to look like animals or birds or odd-looking men. Usually they were fantastic and amusing. When you enter the Hall of Casts in the Museum, look at the model of the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris and see how many gargoyles you can count and how different each is from the others. Some of our buildings nowadays have gargoyles upon them. The Woolworth Building, for example, has a number of interesting gargoyles.

THE CHILDREN'S BULLETIN

THE STORY

ONE very rainy afternoon I was wandering aimlessly through the Museum, reading the labels and glancing at the objects they de-

scribed. To tell the truth, I was bored, for I had intended to spend a half day out of doors playing tennis. At last, however, I found something that attracted me. It was a case in which were a number of things made of ivory, delicate cream in color or darker and browner, and carved beautifully. I should have liked to handle them, to feel of their smooth surfaces, and to hold them up to the light to look at their warm color. "If I only had someone to tell me about these things, it would be something like," I exclaimed half aloud.

To my surprise, instantly there came from the next room a sound that startled me. It was half a roar and half a gurgle. Looking up, I saw that the lion-headed gargoyle nearest the room in which I was had stretched his stone neck and turned his big head and was gazing straight at me with a knowing look. "Ask me," he cried abruptly, "I talk best on rainy days."

When I had recovered my composure after so unexpected an answer to my wish, I accepted his offer gladly. "Monsieur Gargoyle," said I, for from a furtive glance at his label I learned that he was French and I wished to be polite to him, "would you be so kind as to tell me about this French mirror of ivory? You were in Paris in the fourteenth century, I see, when this was carved; do you happen to know about it?"

"Know about it?" he echoed after a preparatory gurgle, "indeed I do. I knew Jehan de Couilly who carved it. There



GARGOYLE, FRENCH
FOURTEENTH CENTURY

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wasn't much going on in Paris in those days that I didn't know. Perched high up at the corner of one of the square towers of my church, I had a fine chance to watch what was happening. Below me the plaster houses with their red tiled roofs lay nestled, their lights little winking stars at night. Under my gaze the townspeople hurried to and fro across the square or sat and talked of an evening, while the children ran races and played games.

"Among the children I often saw one lively boy about twelve years old with big brown eyes. His playmates called him Jehan. He was the son of a merchant who lived not far from the church, down a narrow street—all streets in Paris then were narrow and dark, with the second story of many a house projecting over the street.

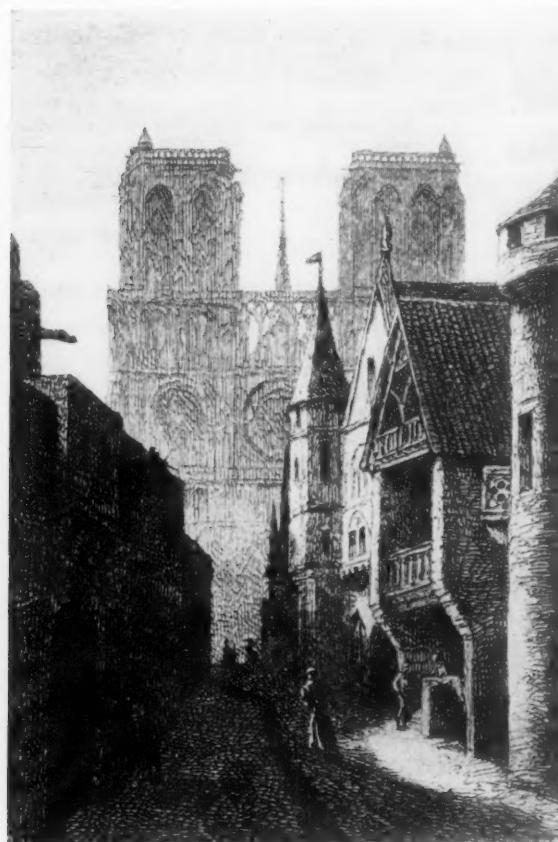
"One day I missed him. I heard his mother say to a neighbor woman, 'My Jehan is now an apprentice of Pierre, the old ivory worker around the corner. The contract was signed this very morning. He has agreed to live with Pierre as an apprentice for three years. Ah, I shall miss him.' She went on to tell how from his earliest childhood Jehan had delighted in stealing away to the shop of Pierre, there to handle the tusks of ivory brought from Africa. Many a day he had stood for hours spellbound while a graceful statue grew out of one of those same tusks under the skilful fingers of the master, or a dainty casket or comb or mirror case was carved to tell a story of fair ladies and bold knights or of the Bible heroes. 'Just think,' she ended, 'perhaps some day I shall see one of Jehan's statues in our church; who knows?'

"Living with old Pierre, Jehan learned little by little all that an ivory worker should know: how to select the ivory; how to plan the design, taking advantage of the shape of the piece he was to carve; how to handle the tools—the knives and chisels and saws and files—how to polish the finished work. Every morning Jehan rose very early and set the shop in order, sweeping the floor and placing the tools ready at hand for his master. All day long he ran his errands and obeyed his com-

THE CHILDREN'S BULLETIN

mands gladly; for he too would be able to carve the beautiful ivories some day after his apprenticeship was over.

"Quickly those three years passed. No longer an apprentice but a workman in the employ of old Pierre, the young



A STREET IN PARIS

ivory carver now was busy at the tasks he loved from dawn till dark. He grew into a tall, straight youth with dreamy brown eyes. Evenings I used to see him walking briskly toward my church, and then walking slowly around the building, standing a long time before each statue and gazing intently at every line and curve.

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"Sometimes a sweet young girl walked beside him, her hand clasped in his. She was Pierre's youngest daughter, little Adele. Smiling and shy, she listened without tiring to his dreams of greatness, the things he would do when he became a man. He always ended with, 'Some day I will make a mirror case for my queen,' and sure enough he did—and you have seen it.

"It was his masterpiece as well. You know that according to the rules of the gilds any young man who wished to be a master and have his own shop with other men working for him must make a masterpiece."

"Please, Monsieur Gargoyle, what are gilds?" I interrupted.

After a sputtering and a gurgling that I took to be a gargoyle's laughter, he replied, "How little you young people know these days; no fourteenth-century boy or girl would have asked such a question. Now listen. The ivory workers or silversmiths or weavers or those who worked at any other occupation were banded together in companies called gilds. Nobody could do their kind of work who did not belong to their group, to the gild. The officers of the gild decided who should be allowed to join them as apprentices; they looked at the quality of all the work to see that it was well done; they protected the workman from the competition of the workmen in other cities and secured a fair price for his work. Jehan had belonged to the gild ever since he became an apprentice."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "they were like trade unions."

"Far better," he roared and then lapsed into silence. I realized that I had offended him but I did not dare apologize, he looked so fierce.

"Well, as I was saying," he began again, regaining his temper, "Jehan wanted to be a master himself and have his own shop. He had laid up the amount of money required and he had many friends to testify to his good character. All that remained for him to do was to make a masterpiece, to prove that he had the necessary knowledge and skill and could be trusted to do good honest work, and after this had been ap-

THE CHILDREN'S BULLETIN

proved, to pledge his loyalty to the gild and his obedience to its laws.

"Jehan planned that his masterpiece should be a mirror case fit for a queen and he should later give it to Adele as a be-



THE SEINE AND THE ÎLE DE LA CITÉ, PARIS
FROM AN OLD MAP

trothal present. For such a use no subject seemed to him more appropriate than the siege and capture of the castle of love of which he had often heard the wandering minstrels, the old trouvères, sing to the accompaniment of their harps. From castle to castle and from town to town they traveled, their

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harps upon their backs, and welcome guests they were in every place. In those days, you know, the printing press had not been invented and books were written by hand. Consequently they were few and costly. Besides, most people could not read. So they listened eagerly when the trouvères sang them stories. Jehan had often heard them tell this story of the castle of love on winter nights beside the blazing log fire in the gildhall and had thought how he would picture it on the ivory.

"First, he selected a piece of ivory of especially beautiful tone and studied it from every point of view, letting his fingers play over its surface. Gradually there came to him a mental picture of the scene he could best carve upon it, adapting every line to this particular piece. He searched through the books of miniatures until he came upon a little picture just suited to his purpose. This he copied line by line with pencil upon the ivory. He was now ready to take up his tools and begin the carving in earnest. At first, he cut away big flakes of ivory, then smaller and smaller bits until finally as he pushed his tool along it removed only the tiniest shaving.

"Around the circular picture, as you see, he carved four dragons clinging to the corners with their paws. They had huge heads, humpy curving bodies, and long tails. Within the circle he carved the castle walls and a big central tower, called a keep, and in the entrance doorway a portcullis of heavy grating to bar out unwelcome visitors. On the highest turret he placed the God of Love with his bow all drawn and the arrow in position to shoot. Along the wall he represented four maidens, the defenders of the castle, pelting roses upon the heads of five armed knights on horseback who were clamoring for admission. One knight was brandishing a huge club, while the others carried swords. They too and their richly caparisoned steeds were gaily adorned with roses. On either side of the castle upon the topmost bough of a tree he seated a herald, barefooted and wearing a monk's gown. Upon their long trumpets with the gay banners they blew defiance and a

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call to surrender. The resistance of the ladies was indeed but half-hearted and soon, it was evident, the portcullis would be raised and the castle yield to the gallant knights.

"The picture complete, Jehan examined his work minutely. To you or me it would have seemed perfect, but not so to him. He scraped a tiny shaving here, changed a curve there,



IVORY MIRROR CASE
FRENCH, FOURTEENTH CENTURY

deepened a line in another place, until finally he was forced to call the work finished and polish the ivory carefully.

"Just then Adele came dancing in. 'Oh, let me see it,' she cried. Jehan placed the mirror case in her outstretched hands and waited eagerly for her opinion. Impulsively she flung her arms around his neck, exclaiming, 'Jehan, it is just lovely; it is fit for a queen.' And indeed it was, and after it had

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won for him a master's place, a real little queen, Isabella of Bavaria, was happy to receive it as a present.

"It happened in this way. The following year a girlish queen was to enter Paris. Charles VI, then only sixteen years old, had married the little fourteen-year-old princess Isabella. Many long miles had she traveled with her royal husband from her own home in Bavaria, leaving all her friends behind.



COSTUME WORN BY CHARLES VI

had surely come and hour after hour he worked whenever the demands of his gild permitted. Adele's betrothal present was his model, as it was his masterpiece; he could never do better than that. As the day drew near and the mirror case was not yet done, he became discouraged. Adele, now Jehan's wife, watched him anxiously. 'Jehan,' she urged again and again, 'won't you take my mirror case for the queen? I really wish you would.' But he only shook his head

Now she was approaching Paris, her future home, and wondering, I fancy, how she should like it. The people of Paris wanted to make her at home. So they planned a wonderful pageant to welcome her as she should enter within the city walls. Nothing was too good for the little queen; every gild was busy with preparations; from morning till night the people in the square below me were hurrying in this direction and that.

"Jehan's chance to make a mirror for the queen, as he had hoped,

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and worked on until the very evening before the festive day. Then he reluctantly accepted her unselfish offer.

"The morning dawned fair and bright. The streets were gay with banners and the people were dressed in their best attire. Men as well as women were in bright colors; the common people wore green, the gentlemen rose color, and the ladies scarlet with gold belts. Their long, full, sweeping skirts were of velvet or brocade and from their peaked cornucopia hats hung snowy white veils long enough to reach the ground. The square below me looked like a garden of bright colored flowers as the people waited.

"The queen, attended by nobles and ladies, came from the palace of St. Denis in a litter richly ornamented, which passed between rows of citizens — twelve hundred in all — all on horseback and wearing rich uniforms of crimson and green. At the first gate of the city the entertainment began.

There upon the approach of the queen children dressed as angels sang in her honor. At the second gate two children, also dressed as angels, descended from a covering that represented the sky, and gently placed upon Isabella's head a crown of gold set with precious stones, meantime singing sweetly. A bit farther on a battle scene was represented on one stage and on another men were playing on organs.

"When the procession halted for a moment just in front of



COSTUME WORN BY ISABELLA

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my tower, Jehan found opportunity on bended knee to present his masterpiece to his queen. She graciously accepted it with the words, 'My good man, that is a beautiful gift. I shall wear it this day hung from my girdle,' and immediately she attached it, while Jehan and Adele blushed with pleasure.

"The procession went on through a street hung with tapes-tries toward the cathedral of Notre Dame, where Isabella of Bavaria knelt and received a richer crown than before. Then, a tired but joyous little queen, she was carried back to her palace with an escort bearing five hundred lighted tapers, for it was now evening; and Jehan and Adele returned to their home happy in having carried out Jehan's boyish ambition."

The gargoyle's gruff voice died away in an echo. "Thank you, Monsieur Gargoyle," I said heartily. "I've had a jolly time. Will you tell me a story some other day?" But the gargoyle only gurgled in reply and from that day to this I have never succeeded in getting him to talk.

W. E. H.

THE CHILDREN'S BULLETIN

STORY-HOURS FOR YOU

Miss Chandler, who told stories for children at the Museum last winter and spring, will give two long series of these interesting stories on art in the Museum Lecture Hall on Saturday mornings and Sunday afternoons next winter, beginning in October. You may depend on finding Miss Chandler in the Lecture Hall with a story to tell every Saturday morning from October to April at 10.30 o'clock and Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except for a recess during the holiday season. The Sunday afternoon stories will be free to all children and the grown-ups who care to hear them. The first of this series will be told on October 7th. The Saturday morning stories are open only to Children of Members and for these tickets will be sent to the Members. The first story will be told on October 6th.

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THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



VOLUME I

SEPTEMBER, 1917

NUMBER 3

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THE VOYAGE OF THE ARGO

OUR FLIGHT

CLAP on your wings of fancy and push these caps I am holding out to you down hard on your foreheads. They will make you invisible. Now I can't see you and you can't see me, but together we are flying faster than airship ever flew over land and sea.

Can you spy in the valley far below us a jumble of roofs and towers with heavy walls entirely surrounding it and miles of forests all around? Running through it all is a narrow silver ribbon. That is the famous city of Florence in Italy and the gleaming river winding through it is the Arno.

Things don't look exactly natural to you, I know, not as you saw them from the car window in your last visit to Italy. You see every minute of our flight has turned the calendar back a full century. It is now the year 1475. Christopher Columbus is a young man pleading, so far in vain, for a chance to prove that the world is round. America has not yet been discovered.

As we come nearer, we catch sight of several familiar buildings—palaces and churches, the Baptistry with its wonderful bronze doors, the Cathedral capped by its great dome, the airy bell tower by its side. Yet we shall search long for many of our favorite pictures. Raphael, whose beautiful Madonnas you have seen, has not yet been born, and many another artist is only a boy.

Let us fold up our wings and walk along this narrow, dusty street where are men and women in gay-colored clothing of a style strange to us, all seemingly busy and prosperous; for

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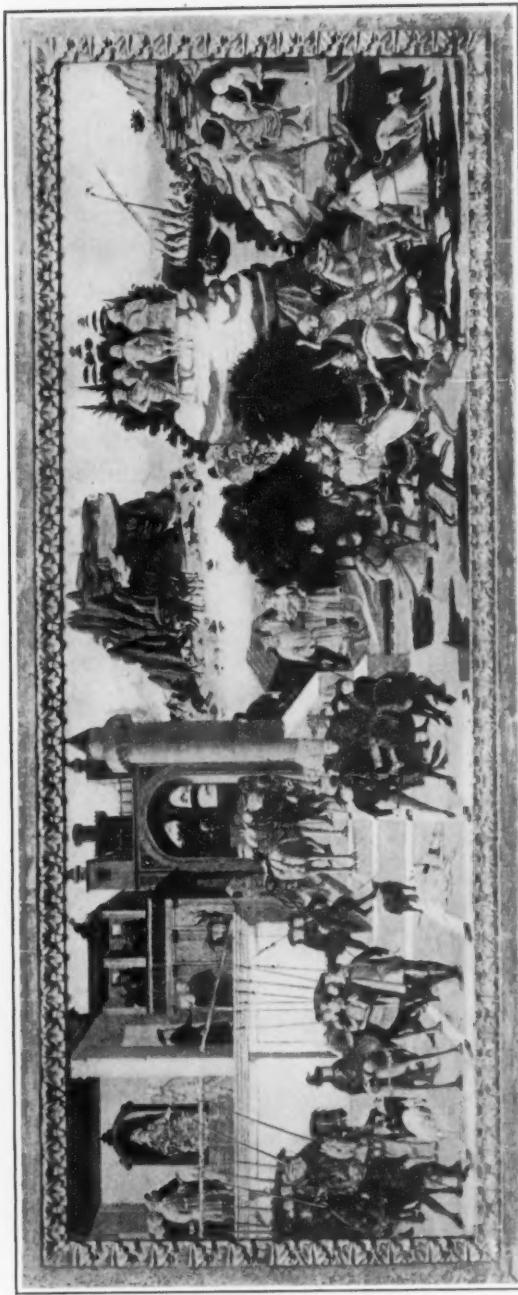
under the fatherly government of Lorenzo de' Medici Florence, so often the scene of fighting between the two political parties in the republic, is enjoying peace, and artists and poets are rich in the favor of Lorenzo and the other nobles, by whose generous commissions the city is being filled with objects of beauty big and little, from massive palaces to household furnishings and bits of jewelry. Indeed, in this golden age which we call the Renaissance, nothing is too trifling for a famous artist to spend his best endeavors on, and nothing too difficult for him to attempt.

The stone palace just ahead, built like a fortress to resist all attack, has in it some things which I have brought you all this way to see. They are only two wooden chests, but they are made beautifully and decorated with panels painted by an artist. Let us pass through the somewhat dark lower rooms out into the bright courtyard where little green lizards are crawling across the stones and birds are splashing in the fountain, and on up the stone stairway to the rooms above. In one, furnished very grandly, with walls that tell a story in fresco, and beautifully carved chairs, chests, and benches around the sides, is a little group of three, evidently a father and his two young sons, absorbed in looking at the panels painted on the front of the chests—cassoni they call them. Shall we join them and listen? We shall not disturb them, as they cannot see us.

THE DUKE'S STORY

"These cassoni, my Piero and Francesco," the duke is saying, for such he is, "were a part of your mother's dowry seven years ago when she left her noble father's house to be my wife. They still hold her wedding clothes.

"To me the panels, painted by a follower of our Florentine painter Pesellino, have always been a delight; for they tell a tale I heard first from my good friend Demetrios the Greek, who fled to our land from Constantinople when the Turks captured that city, and carried with him the manuscripts of



CASSONE PANEL: SCENES FROM THE STORY OF THE ARGONAUTS
BY A FOLLOWER OF PESELLINO

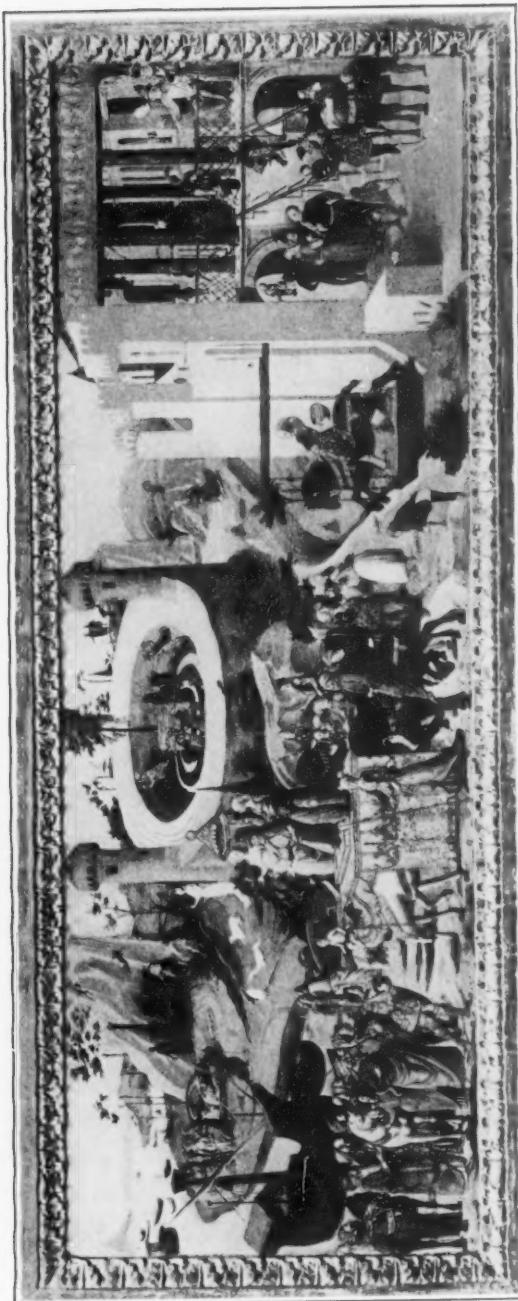
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his favorite writers. He can tell the most delightful stories of gods and heroes, monsters and nymphs, stories which charmed the Greeks and Romans and which delight us today. There is nothing, my sons, like the classic writers, the Greek statues, the Roman buildings; the ancients are our teachers and the best of our work in Italy today is patterned on theirs. Every well-educated man knows the stories of antiquity. Of them all the one so interestingly told on these cassoni is the one I like best and I know you will like it, for the hero is a brave young man who went on a long voyage and had many adventures.

"Many, many years ago there dwelt in the land of Greece, in Thessaly, a wicked king named Pelias. He had persuaded his brother, the gentle king Aeson, to hand over the crown to him, promising to give it back to Jason, Aeson's son, when the boy became a man. Meantime Pelias plotted to kill Jason.

"Aeson, to protect his son, took him far away to a cave on Mount Pelion, where lived the centaur Chiron, half horse and half man. Chiron was a famous schoolmaster by whom many of the heroes of Greece were taught to fight, to hunt, to ride, to play on the lyre, to be truthful and courteous and brave. Jason was happy in the company of this odd teacher and a group of as fine lads as ever went to school together, until he grew into a tall, manly fellow.

"Then for the first time Jason learned of his uncle's treachery and at once set out for Thessaly, determined to be king. As he approached the palace of Pelias, everyone stared at him and began whispering, until Jason thought them all very rude. With his long, golden hair falling over his shoulders, contrary to the custom in the land, and a spear clutched in either hand, he was an extraordinary figure; and then he wore only one sandal, an unusually handsome one tied with golden strings—the other one had been torn off in his crossing a swollen stream. 'The man with one sandal,' whispered one to another; for the talking oak had once prophesied that a man with one sandal should take away the throne from Pelias.



CASSONE PANEL: SCENES FROM THE STORY OF THE ARGONAUTS
BY A FOLLOWER OF PESELLINO

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

"This prophecy Pelias knew well, and he was not at all pleased to find that his nephew answered the description. Craftily trying to conceal his hatred, he welcomed Jason most

graciously and entertained him right royally while he cast about in his mind for some way to rid himself of so troublesome a person. 'A fine young fellow like you,' he finally suggested, 'would surely relish an exploit worthy of his mettle before settling down to the monotony of ruling a kingdom.

Why do you not bring home the Golden Fleece first? I will attend to the dreary business of the court until your return,' he added with a yawn, 'when I shall be only too glad to give it up.'



ANIMALS AND MEN LISTEN TO
ORPHEUS'S PLAYING

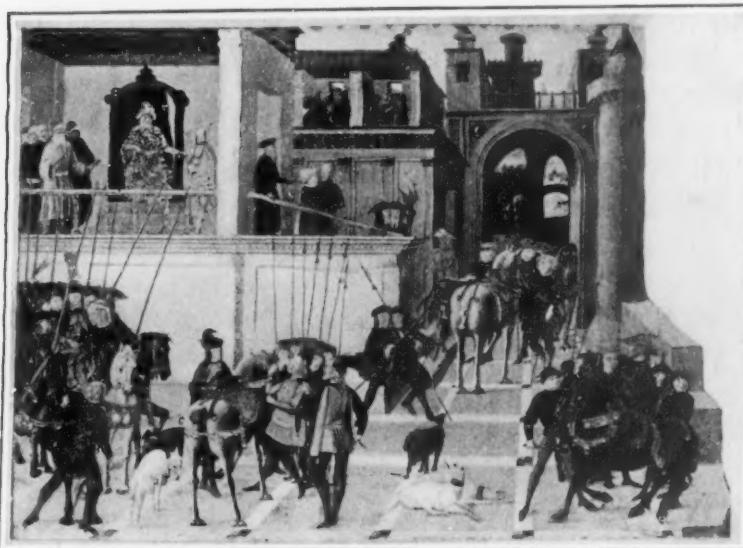
"The golden fleece, you see, was at the end of the earth in Colchis, a land beyond the Black Sea. To go there was a perilous voyage. Besides, the fleece was the treasured possession of King Aeetes, who did not intend to give it up. He kept it in a grove surrounded by a high wall, and placed over it as a guard a frightful

dragon that never slept and that could swallow a man at a mouthful. Many bold men had tried to carry it off, but all had failed. And so King Pelias laughed within himself when Jason replied with a confidence he did not feel, 'I will do it.'

"Hastening to the talking oak Jason prayed for its counsel

THE CHILDREN'S BULLETIN

in his dangerous undertaking and listened to its rustling leaves until he faintly caught the words, 'Argus—boat—fifty men,' and then one waving branch said plainly, 'Take me.' With this in his hand he went to the shipbuilder Argus and bade him build a ship larger than any ever seen, a ship with seats for fifty rowers, and on the prow to place a figure carved from the branch of the talking oak. The sawing and the hammering



JASON BIDS PELIAS GOOD-BYE

went on merrily while the Thessalians gathered round to watch the work advance, and even the goddess Athena came down from Mount Olympos to help. The figurehead was placed in position and all was ready.

"Fifty brave men were ready too; for swift messengers had traveled up and down the length of Greece, calling lustily for forty-nine dauntless youths to accompany Jason on a voyage more dangerous, yet more honorable than any other they could undertake. Many of Chiron's former pupils leaped at the chance to go with such a right good fellow as Jason. In that noble band were Orpheus, at whose playing on the lyre

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even the wild beasts lay down quietly to listen and the stony hearts of the rocks were softened; the mighty Herakles; and Lynceus, who was made the pilot because he could see the bottom of the ocean as clearly as you and I see our own hands.

"After bidding Pelias good-bye, Jason went aboard the Argo, as he called his ship, and every rower was at his post. Orpheus took up his lyre and played; the Argo slipped down into the water, and the voyage was well begun.

"All the adventures of that eventful voyage would indeed fill a book. Whenever they were in great perplexity they turned to the figurehead made from the talking oak and always from between those wooden lips came the wisest advice. So at last after many months they approached the land of King Aeetes and on the horizon saw a ruddy glow, the reflection of the Golden Fleece hanging in sight but closely guarded.

"Herakles was no longer in their company. They left him in Mysia sorrowing for the boy Hylas, his constant comrade, who was so fair the water nymphs loved him and drew him down beneath their waves to live with them. Hylas had but gone to the spring with a pitcher to draw water for his master's supper when he disappeared, and Herakles stayed behind to search for the lad.

"As soon as the Argonauts, for so they were known, beached their boat, King Aeetes came to the shore to greet them. Seated on a dais carried on the backs of two white horses, and accompanied by his daughters Medea and Chalciope, the aged king inquired who they were and what their errand in Colchis. Jason, clad in golden armor and surrounded by the other heroes, replied most courteously, 'King Aeetes, I fear my words will not be pleasing to you, but upon me is laid a commission, to carry back to Thessaly the Golden Fleece for which your land is famed, in order that I may ascend a throne that is now unjustly held by King Pelias. May I implore you to grant me and my brave men the opportunity to win this prize?'

"'Another foolish fellow!' exclaimed King Aeetes. 'Know you not that the man who is able to gain the fleece is not yet

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born? First you must harness the two bulls whose breath is flame and whose feet are of brass, and with them you must plough up land enough to sow the teeth of a dragon in. You will burn up to a cinder when you come near the bulls, and even should you by some miracle escape this peril, you will be killed by the warriors that will spring up where the dragon's teeth are sown.'

"I will dare these perils," calmly said Jason, though his knees shook.



KING AEETES AND HIS DAUGHTERS GREET THE ARGONAUTS

"Rash youth," replied Aeetes, "I see you are determined to encounter the dragon that never sleeps. You will be a choice morsel for him. So be it."

Medea had listened intently to the conversation between her father and this handsome young stranger. She knew too well the peril in which Jason stood. He would surely die unless she helped him; for she had magical power and knew of charms that would enable him to do even the hard things that King Aeetes required. When the young prince left the palace, she ran quickly to him and offered him her help.

"Noble stranger," she began, "without my aid you can never win the Golden Fleece. I know an ointment that will keep the flaming breath of the bulls from harming you; I can

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advise you how to conquer the armed men that spring from the dragon's teeth; I can lull the dragon to sleep with my charms.'

"If you will save my life and my pride, fair princess, you shall become my bride and rule with me in far-off Thessaly," was his quick reply.

"So Medea and Jason exchanged promises, and she spent the hours in magic rites at the altar of Hekate, goddess of witchcraft.



KING AEETES TELLS JASON THE
DIFFICULTIES IN WINNING
THE GOLDEN FLEECE

"When the time appointed by King Aeetes for the exploit came, Jason was anointed from head to foot with the ointment that Medea had given him. In the sight of the king and all the people he approached the bulls whose breathing sounded like the crackling flames of a furnace and at whose every step the grass around was burned to a crisp. But to the astonishment of all Jason stood unharmed in the flame; he grasped the bulls by the horns and held on bravely until soothed by his voice they became docile and permitted him to yoke them to the plough. To sow the dragon's

teeth was then a simple matter.

"King Aeetes was amazed at the unexpected ease with which Jason accomplished this feat, but he comforted himself with the thought, 'The crop of armed men will soon appear, and then the foolhardy fellow is doomed.'

"As they all watched, the earth parted on every side, and the army of warriors sprang up wherever the teeth were sown. Brandishing their gleaming weapons and shouting defiance, they rushed upon Jason, who had scant time to throw a round

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stone in their midst, as Medea had directed. Instantly they began to fight each other, everyone thinking he was attacked by his neighbor as the stone bounded from one to another. In a few moments there remained not one alive, and the kindly earth opened and took them to her breast and spread a carpet of green grass over the place.

"The Argonauts applauded, but King Aeetes was beside himself with rage. Could it be that his daughter Medea had played him false? He looked sharply at her, but he could detect no evidence of treachery.

"Jason was now ready for the last test of his valor. The dragon, at the foot of the tree on which the fleece was hung, was already opening his great mouth and shooting out his long tongue in anticipation, but Jason took with him Orpheus, who played so sweetly on his lyre that the dragon pricked up his ears to listen, and while he was off his guard Jason crept up and sprinkled over him a few drops of a charm Medea had prepared and the dragon toppled over fast asleep.

"Jason instantly seized the fleece, rushed headlong to the Argo with the other heroes and Medea at his heels, and before King Aeetes recovered from his astonishment, the rowers were pulling sturdily at the oars many rods from shore.

"And so the Golden Fleece was won, my Piero and Francesco, and Jason became king in Thessaly," the father concluded with a smile. "If you will study hard on your Greek and Latin, you may take my beautiful printed book some day and read in Ovid's poems the very story I have told you. Now let us look at the pictures on the cassoni."



MEDEA RUNS TO OFFER JASON
HELP IN WINNING THE
GOLDEN FLEECE

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OUR RETURN

While the duke and his two sons are bending over the paintings on the chests in their home in a time when beauty was the joy of all and a new interest in everything Greek and Roman was felt in Italy, you and I will fly back to our home and let the centuries sweep by as we fly. The year 1917 and we are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where these same pictures, no longer in the cassoni but hanging on the wall,¹ still tell their story. I am sure the artist liked the story, or he never would have told it with such beauty of color and delightful imagination.

Can you pick out our hero Jason, always in his golden armor, and Orpheus with his lyre, and the crafty Pelias extending his left hand to Jason in farewell, and Chiron, half man and half horse, talking to Jason and Orpheus and another hero, and at the right the youth Hylas, being carried off by the water nymphs, and Herakles in a small boat rowing to land to find his beloved comrade, and the Argo ready to sail? All these are on one panel.

On the other are pictured the adventures in Colchis, and Jason appears again and again. At the left the Argo has landed, and the heroes are approaching King Aeetes, Jason with helmet in hand bowing politely. The aged king is riding in state, seated on a dais carried on the backs of two white horses, and accompanied by his daughters, Medea, dressed always in red, and Chalciope. To the right is the palace with Jason obtaining audience with the king while Medea listens at a window, and as Jason departs, runs to meet him. In the center is the Golden Fleece hanging on a tree, and by looking sharply you may see the fire-breathing bulls, the warriors that sprang from the ploughed ground, and Orpheus and Jason beside the dragon that was so soon to fall asleep.

In another room in the Museum² you may see several cas-

¹ In Gallery 33 on the second floor.

² Wing F, Room 5.

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soni, and among them is one with a painted panel formerly in the Strozzi Palace in Florence. That will help you to imagine how these panels looked when Piero and Francesco sat before the chest while their father told them of the voyage of the Argo.

W. E. H.



JASON WINNING THE GOLDEN FLEECE

STORY-HOURS

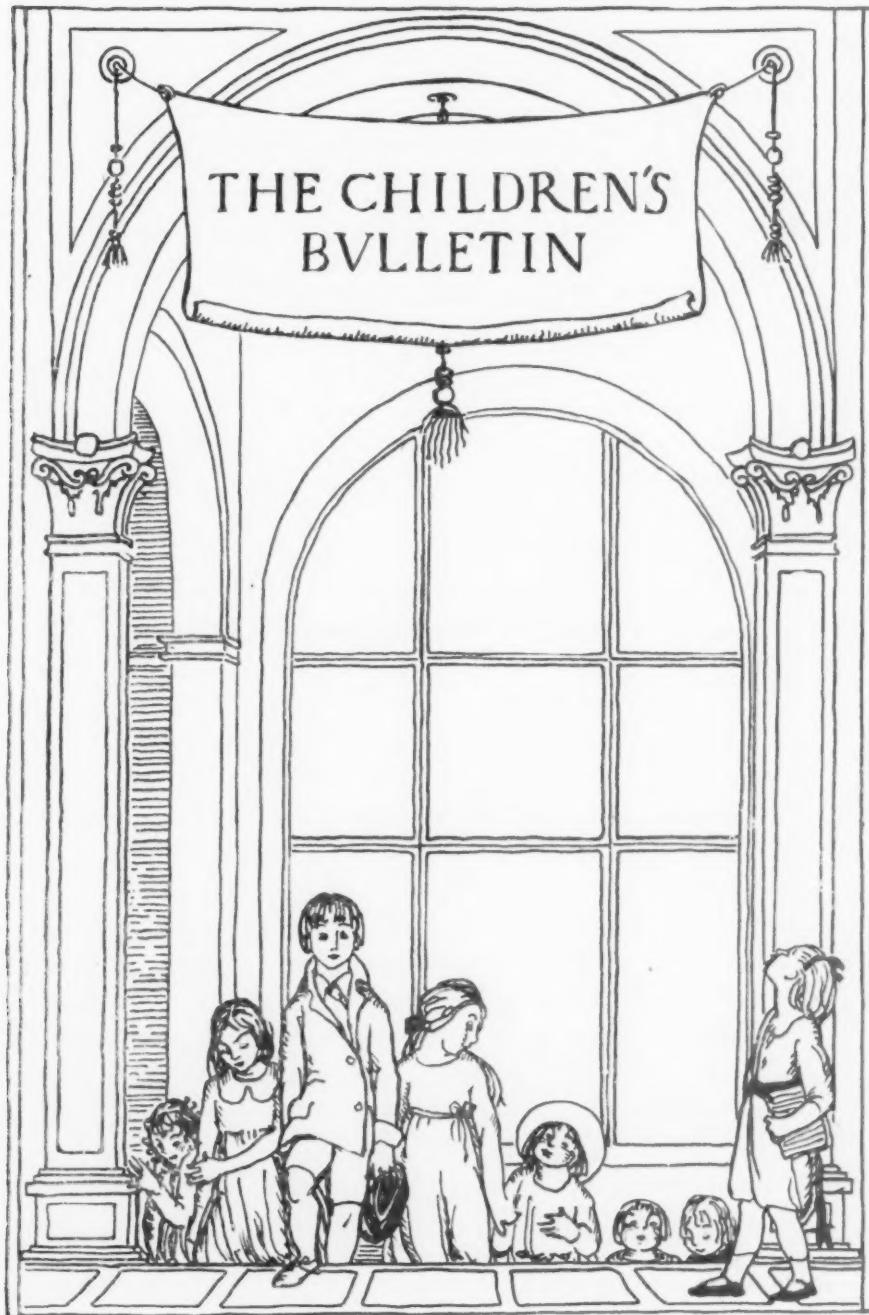
Miss Chandler's courses of story-hours are about to begin. From October 6 to April 14, except for a recess at Christmas time, she will tell a story that can be illustrated by the Museum collections every Saturday morning at 10:30 o'clock for Children of Members and every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock for everyone. These story-hours will be held in the Museum Lecture Hall, and the door at Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street will be used as the entrance.

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THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



VOLUME I

DECEMBER, 1917

NUMBER 4

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THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THE BOY ZĀL AND HIS WONDERFUL FRIEND

INTRODUCTION

MASTER Muḥammad sat at the close of day on a yellow straw mat in the doorway of his room while the slanting rays of the setting sun touched his white turban, his dark skin and white beard, and his bright-colored robes. Unaware of his own picturesque beauty, he was gazing with delight out upon his rose garden with its wealth of fragrant blossoms, its dark cypress trees now outlined in gold by the sun, and its many song birds darting from branch to branch. The luxuriance of the garden was in contrast to the simple furnishings of his room, on whose white walls the only decorations were texts from the Koran written with great care, the letters forming a delightful tracery on the creamy paper; for Muḥammad, the Persian, had spent his long life seated on the floor before his low desk copying with patience and exquisite grace the words of the Koran or the writings of the Persian poets. As the printing press was yet unknown in Persia and Muḥammad's countrymen had a great fondness for books and regarded beautiful handwriting as an art, he had a continual demand for his work. Many times his manuscripts found their way into the libraries of emperors and princes.

On Muḥammad's lap now rested one of his books and he had been reading his own inscription and prayer on the last page; the first page, we should say, for the book was written from the back to the front and each page from right to left. "Written by the poor and sinful servant and solicitor of pardon from God, Master Muḥammad, the son of Mulla Mir al Husaini

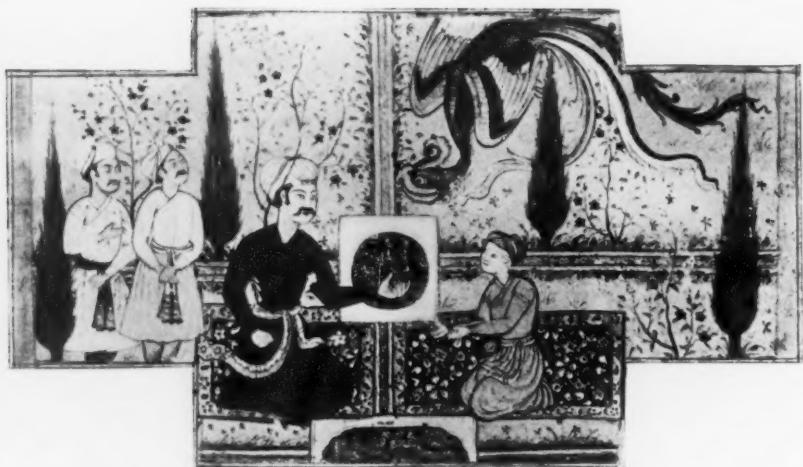
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(may God forgive him and forgive the artist and whosoever does any work with it!);” so he signed his work and we may see his words today, though we may not read them, for the language is strange to us. This book was a favorite of his; on it he had gladly spent three years, and then an artist had painted on its pages over eighty large pictures and around them masses of delicate clouds, maple trees in their autumn dress, tall, slender cypresses, or dainty rose bushes, and almost always he had added two long-tailed magpies poised on the branches, as if that was his way of signing his name. The loose sheets had then been bound in lacquered covers with flowers painted on them. No wonder Muḥammad cherished such a book. It was worthy to enshrine, as it did, the Book of Kings composed six hundred years before by Firdausi, the national poet of Persia, the sweet singer of Paradise, as his name means.

In the fading light Master Muḥammad thought over some of the stories of warriors and heroes that Firdausi wrote, one of which I am going to tell you now.



TITLE-PAGE OF A PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT
SHAH-NAMAH OR BOOK OF KINGS
HANDWRITING BY MASTER MUHAMMAD, 1605-1608



THE SIMURGH RESTORES ZĀL TO HIS FATHER
FROM A PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT OF THE SHAH-NAMAH, 1602

THE STORY¹

Zāl was the only son of a mighty Persian warrior, Sahm, the commander-in-chief of the army of the Shah, Minuchehr. Long had his father hoped to have a son and yet he was not happy at Zāl's birth; for the unfortunate baby, in a land where dark hair and black eyes are the almost universal possession of the people, was born with hair as white as the snowy locks of an aged man. Zāl he was named, "the aged." Sahm in his great disappointment listened to the unkind and foolish things people whispered, "He is surely a demon's child; misfortune will come to the house with such a babe," until growing more and more afraid, he finally determined to take this unwelcome baby out on the slope of Mount Alburz and leave him there. The gentle mother pleaded in vain; Sahm had his way.

But little Zāl did not die; Fate decreed otherwise, for on an inaccessible crag of this same mountain, so high it almost touched the stars, lived a marvelous great bird, a golden-

¹I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the various renderings of the Shah-Namah into English, in the writing of this story.

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feathered eagle called a Simurgh. Her nest was built of ebony and sandalwood twined around with branches of the aloe plant and resting upon rocks in which the opal and ruby and sapphire sparkled. As she was flying about in search of some choice morsels for her baby birds, she heard the tiny wail of little Zāl and saw him trying to satisfy his hunger with his own fat thumb. A voice seemed to say to her as she came nearer, "Protect this helpless babe, O Bird of God, for he shall become a strong man and his son shall be the greatest warrior of all Persia." Obeying the voice, the bird circled nearer and nearer and at last dropped down beside the cold, hungry child and covered him with her warm, golden feathers. Then, holding him securely in her strong talons, she flew up, up, up, until she reached her nest, and all that night little white-haired Zāl slept happily under her warm wings. In the morning she fed him with the tenderest bits of venison and taught her children to be kind to their strange guest.

So grew and thrived the son of the warrior Sahm, happy and contented with his wonderful foster-mother, until he became a manly little fellow old enough to go to school. This was a delightful thing for him. Leaping on the broad back of his marvelous friend and firmly clasping his arms around her neck, he viewed from this golden chariot the gleaming rocks on the mountain side, the stars in the blue above, the rivers and oceans and cities far beneath, while the Simurgh taught him all she knew about the land in which we live. Sometimes she flew so low he might even hear the people talking and learn their language; for she knew, though he did not, that one day he would live among men.

During all these years, Sahm was most unhappy. His glossy black hair had turned as white as the leaves of the silver poplar, so keen was his remorse. Night after night he dreamed of Zāl. Rumors came to him of the fine-looking boy who was seen standing near the Simurgh's nest and he wondered whether this lad could possibly be his son. At last after a particularly vivid dream, in which a voice accused him of

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leaving his own son to the tender mercies of a bird, he called his wise men to ask their advice, and with their encouragement he set out to find Zāl, if indeed he was alive. On a spirited Arabian horse and with several companions mounted on noble steeds and bearing costly gifts, he approached Mount Alburz. Dismounting, he tried again and again to climb its steep sides, but in vain; its slopes were like polished glass, so smooth he could gain no footing. On the highest peak he could faintly discern a boy's figure outlined against the sky, but he could not reach the lad and in his discouragement and sorrow he prostrated himself to the earth.

Meantime the bird of marvel had been wheeling through the sky and had seen the father's vain efforts. She knew that the hour had come for her to give up the boy, and so she mounted to her nest and said to Zāl, "My boy, you are the son of a great warrior and you in turn will defend Persia. Your father waits below, and you must go to him. So leap just once more on my back."

The boy, protesting, cried, "Are you, then, tired or me? Are you unwilling to care for me longer? I am happy here. Why should I leave you?"

Then his foster-mother gently explained to him his destiny and added, "But do not forget me, my boy, in the pleasures of the court, and should you ever be in trouble or need me, take this golden feather plucked from my breast and fling it into the fire. Immediately I will come to your relief."

So the Simurgh restored Zāl to his sorrowing father, who clothed him in rich purple robes, gave him a sword with a golden scabbard set with jewels, and placed him on a beautiful Arabian horse. Indeed, Zāl's return to his father's house in Seistan was like a triumphal procession with music and shouting. The Shah himself sent some of his courtiers to meet the newly found son of his greatest warrior and bestow upon him lordly presents.

Now followed years of instruction for Zāl in all those things that a Persian warrior should know, that he might be ready



ZĀL AND RUDABAH ON HORSEBACK

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to take his father's place in the days to come. Even now he governed the province wisely and well when his father was away on long campaigns and performed every duty at the court with grace and charm.

Becoming restless, however, in so quiet a life, Zāl made up his mind to travel over the world of which he had already had a bird's eye view from the Simurgh's back, and in these travels he did a very foolish thing; at least, so thought Sahm and the Shah, but not so Zāl. Coming to the city of Kabul, he was met by Mihrab, the king, a good ruler but a descendant of an old enemy of Persia. Of course, a Persian warrior, finding himself in the enemy's country, should have traveled on at once, but this Zāl did not wish to do; for he had heard how beautiful was the daughter of Mihrab, fair Rudabah, like a young cypress tree in grace, and he determined to win her for his wife. So he loitered in his tent not far from the palace where she dwelt. Rumors came to Rudabah also of the fine-looking, princely stranger whose strength was like that of an elephant, and she in turn desired to see Zāl. In the evening she stood on a balcony looking toward his tent, and he, seeing her, stole across the field and sang a serenade so charmingly that on that very night they plighted their troth.

This Eastern Romeo and Juliet knew well there would be grave opposition to their marriage. Rudabah's father, Mihrab, would naturally fear to give his consent lest his country should be overrun by a Persian army; and Zāl's father and the Shah would surely be angry at the thought of a Persian warrior marrying a princess of a hostile race. But these difficulties only made the two lovers more determined; they vowed to surmount all obstacles. This might have been a good opportunity for Zāl to avail himself of the Simurgh's proffered aid, but so self-sufficient did he feel that he never thought of her golden feather.

And, sure enough, the brave, young, white-haired son of Sahm did overcome all opposition. He found his warrior-father just setting out, at the command of the Shah, on an

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expedition against Mihrab; for the news had already reached the ear of the Shah. At first Sahm refused absolutely to give his consent to his son's wild desires. After long and useless entreaty, Zāl said bitterly, "Once, my father, you tried to take my life; if you grant not this wish of mine, I shall surely die. Would you threaten my life a second time?" And Sahm, remembering his past cruelty, could not refuse.

At the palace of Shah Minuchihr a harder task awaited Zāl. Unwilling to grant the young man's petition the Shah cast about in his mind to find some argument to change the lovers' plans. First, he called upon his wise men to consult the stars, in the hope that they would predict such dire misfortunes that Zāl would be deterred from his foolhardy course. Meantime he insisted that the young warrior should pass every possible test of strength and skill before he could be permitted to marry. The wise men prepared their hardest questions to puzzle Zāl and asked them in the presence of all the court, to add to the difficulty of the test.

Said one, "I have seen twelve trees, each with thirty branches, but they never grow smaller nor do they increase in size. What, pray, are these trees?"

As quick as thought Zāl answered, "In one year, O Wise Man, there are twelve moons and each continues but thirty days. These are the trees."

Another wise man was ready instantly with a harder question, as he thought. "Can you name," said he, "two horses, one black, the other white, which, though swift and strong, can never reach the goal, however fast they run?"

"The two horses," laughingly replied Zāl, "one black, the other white, who constantly run but never win the race, are the night and the day."

And so the questioners continued until each had tried in vain to give the young warrior a riddle he could not guess, and Sahm nodded his head with pleasure as he listened to his son's ready wit.

In feats of physical strength and prowess as well, Zāl out-

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distanced all competitors and won the unwilling admiration of the Shah, who, finding all his objections disappearing, called upon the wise men as a last resource. They, however, brought the Shah no help; for they foretold that good, not evil, would result from the marriage of Zāl and Rudabah. Both for them and for Persia it would be a happy event; for their son would be a wonderful child, the joy of his parents, and would grow up to be Persia's greatest warrior, her defense against her foes, the glory of the land. Such a prediction disarmed Shah Minuchihr entirely. He embraced the young warrior, wishing him all happiness, and to Sahm he extended his heartiest congratulations on having such a son. No one noticed the Simurgh, but she had hovered just above the scene of the tests, sweeping in great circles. Now she soared aloft in rapid flight, exulting in the success of her foster-son.

Quickly Zāl returned to Kabul, where he and Rudabah were married in a rose garden of wondrous beauty, and for many months their happiness was without a cloud. Then came a day when for Zāl the sun was darkened. Fair Rudabah became very ill, so ill the court physicians despaired of her life. In his sorrow, Zāl was helpless until all at once he bethought himself of the Simurgh's feather, which he had never used, though he had always carried it in his girdle. With trembling hand he threw it into the flame. Almost instantly he heard the rush of wings, a shadow passed across the sky, and the beak of his wonderful friend touched Zāl's shoulder. When he told the Simurgh his great trouble, she knew at once just what to do, and ere long Rudabah was well again. Many other times did the Simurgh come to the help of Zāl and Rudabah, who taught their son to love Zāl's marvelous friend.

This son of Zāl and Rudabah fulfilled the prediction of the wise men; he was a wonderful child and a mighty champion, to the great joy of his parents. Rustam was his name, which means "delivered," and many were the times when he delivered Persia from its foes. Like the Greek hero Hercules, he performed wonderful feats of strength. In all his warfare



RAKHSH HAS PROTECTED HIS MASTER BY KILLING
A LION WHILE RUSTAM WAS ASLEEP

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he had a faithful comrade in his brave horse Rakhsh, or "Lightning," who was as true to him as was the Simurgh to Zāl. No ordinary horse could have borne the giant figure of this Persian hero. Even the hand of Rustam would have crushed many a steed. But Rakhsh carried his master as easily as if he were only a feather. Again and again this glorious animal saved his master's life by protecting him while he slept, to the great joy of Zāl and Rudabah, and I fancy, of the Simurgh, who from her lofty height continued to watch both Zāl and Rustam, and was so closely associated with the house of Zāl that in days to come, long after Zāl's life, the golden feather was the emblem of the family, worn as an amulet to ward off trouble.

In the Metropolitan Museum, in galleries on the second floor devoted to Near Eastern art, you may see many complete manuscripts, as books written by hand are called, and separate sheets from other manuscripts. The Persians did not paint large pictures to hang upon the wall, but in the miniatures, or little pictures, with which these manuscripts are generously illustrated, they produced works of art of the utmost delicacy of detail and richness of color. Their very ignorance of the rules of perspective often adds a certain fascination to their pictures. On their borders and title-pages also the artists lavished the greatest care. The manuscript written by Master Muḥammad is in Gallery E 14 and is labeled: Shah-Namah, or Book of Kings by Firdausi, about 935-1025 A. D. Persian, dated 1605-1608.

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